HARPER'S WEEKLY
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"WHOOP!"—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875.

☞ *In this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is commenced a new and intensely interesting Illustrated Serial Story, entitled*

"HUGH MELTON,"

by KATHARINE KING, *author of "Our Detachment," "The Queen of the Regiment," etc.*

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

☞ *A new short Story of intense interest, from the pen of* WILKIE COLLINS, *entitled*

"THE CLERGYMAN'S CONFESSION,"

will be commenced in an early Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing several very interesting engravings, and a beautiful and touching poem, entitled "WHEN I WENT FISHING WITH DAD," *illustrated by* REINHART.

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A NEW PLANK IN PLATFORMS.

THERE have been several political State Conventions within the last month, and in the platforms of several of them a new and vital issue has appeared. Whatever is mentioned in a platform is not only a subject of general interest and thought, but it is something upon which positive opinions are entertained. Yet the subject to which we allude is one that has not been very generally discussed in the papers, and is one of the topics which it is thought unwise to mention. But it is none the less of the most fundamental importance, for it is nothing less than the public-school system. The fruits of the policy of silence upon this subject are shown by the present threatening aspect of the assault upon the schools. Had it been promptly exposed and resisted when it began, it would be now comparatively harmless. But it was thought a dangerous subject to touch. As if a public evil which it is dangerous to touch were not much more dangerous if left untouched. The enemies of the schools wished nothing more earnestly than silence. If they could only be left unobserved, they could sap the foundations and gain an immense advantage before the alarm was given.

This has been their good fortune. The press generally has been silent, until it is found that the assault is general, resolute, and hopeful, and now suddenly the conventions raise the cry of danger. And danger there is. The public-school system of the United States is threatened, and can be saved only by the Republican party. The chief points of attack have been in the States of Ohio and New York, and the attacking column has been the Democratic party. The leaders of that party know the character of their following. They depend largely in all the great cities and centres of population upon the ignorant foreign-born vote. A very large part of that vote is Roman Catholic, and its political policy is dictated by Rome and its immediate agents, the bishops. The price of its support is acquiescence in the policy of Rome. Consequently the Democratic leaders, orators, and newspapers constantly flatter and cajole the Roman Church and its members, and the propositions in Legislatures and conventions to propitiate the hierarchy by especial favors and bribes to the Catholic interest proceed from Democrats. The Roman mastery of the Democratic party in New York has been forcibly and constantly set forth in the contributions of MR. EUGENE LAWRENCE to our columns, and the proposal has been openly made by the Roman interest in the city of New York to overthrow the public-school system under the plea of adopting parochial schools.

The Republicans of Ohio were the first to declare the imperative duty of maintaining the schools as they are. California echoed the declaration; and the Democratic Convention of Ohio, forced to speak, pronounced against sectarian control. Then it confesses there is danger. From whom? Undeniably from the Roman Church. But that Church works through parties. And which party has it used in Ohio and in New York? Is it the Republican or the Democratic? Which party did slavery use? Which did secession use? Which does the rum interest use? Which party every where depends upon the ignorance and prejudice of the voters? Which is strongest in the slums of great cities, and in the rural parts of the Union where there are fewest schools? That party is the one that Rome uses to overthrow the public-school system; and the Democratic declarations of 1875 in favor of unsectarian schools are just as worthy of respect as the Democratic declarations of 1872 in favor of the equality of all men, and of exact justice to all, of whatever race or color. "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be." The party that slavery manages is not the party of freedom; that which secession controls is not the party of Union; that which demands inflation is not the party of the public faith; that which sneers at "niggers" and kisses the feet of the White League is not the party of equal rights; and that which truckles to the purposes of Rome and buys by subsidies the support of the Catholic vote is not the party of the unsectarian American public-school system.

Having been forced to show American colors upon this subject, as many a Copperhead newspaper in 1861 felt itself compelled to show American colors of another kind, the Ohio Democratic Convention wrathfully denounces the Republican platform, which it was compelled to echo, as "a base appeal to sectarian prejudices." But if it is so, the Democratic declaration is equally base. The ringing words of the Republican manifest are: "We stand by free education, our public-school system, the taxation of all for its support, and no division of the school fund. Under our Republican system of government there should be no connection, direct or indirect, between church and state, and we oppose all legislation in the interest of any particular sect. Upon this subject we should not fail to profit by the experience of foreign governments, where the efforts of the church to control the state constitute an evil of great magnitude, and endanger the power and prosperity of the people." Nothing could be truer, or more plainly said, or more timely and useful than these words. The political attempt that the Roman Church is making in Europe to withstand liberty and civilization it is making here, with the aid of the Democratic party; and the clear and forcible Republican exposure of its plots is naturally denounced by the Democratic Convention as a base appeal to sectarian prejudices.

If there are such prejudices, who has aroused them? Why now for the first time do political party platforms declare that the unsectarian school system must be maintained? Has the Presbyterian or Methodist or Baptist or Episcopal or Unitarian or Congregational sect, or any sect known as Protestant, attacked it? Have the Israelites, or those who own no sectarian Christian name, assailed it? But there is confessedly an assault upon the schools. There is a strong and crafty effort to make them sectarian. It is so powerful and pronounced that the party conventions begin to condemn it. And the whole country knows which sect is plotting the overthrow of unsectarian schools, for it boldly avows its design. It is the Roman Church, by means of the Democratic party; and the Democratic party in Ohio, in order to aid and protect this deadly assault upon the schools, declares that to expose it and to oppose it is to attack religious liberty. That party must hold, then, that to connive at the Roman overthrow of the schools is to maintain religious liberty. This issue alone, were there no other, would give the most vital interest and importance to the election of 1876. The schools are to be saved, and they can be saved only by the Republican party. By the necessity of the case, the Democratic party, could it regain power, would yield to Rome precisely as it would yield to the White League. But happily the friends of equal rights and of unsectarian schools need not look to the enemies of both for their protection. The Republican party stands no less for religious than for personal, civil, and political liberty.

POLITICIANS.

SENATOR CHRISTIANCY, of Michigan, has recently expressed his contempt for politicians. A newspaper, commenting upon his remarks, speaks of the Senator as unjust to the conditions and necessities of American political life; another journal alludes to the absence of men of historic name from the celebration at Bunker Hill; and still another asks how long able and honest citizens intend to submit to the management of public affairs, nominations, and legislating by political "bummers." These remarks all imply the old complaint that the best men do not mingle in politics, and recall the observation of the young foreigner in training for public life, "I had great confidence in America until I saw Congress." DE TOCQUEVILLE philosophizes upon the same general theme, and explains why a public political career is contemned by so many of the best men in the country. "TOM HUGHES" at Harvard and Cornell wondered that politics occupy so small a space in the plans and expectations of clever young Americans; and some of the foolish English Tory papers speak of the conceded failure of the American experiment, and of the hopeless corruption and political immorality which prevail in this unhappy country.

When MR. CHRISTIANCY speaks of politicians he means, of course, the class of persons who live by politics—and a large class it is. They interest themselves in politics solely to make money, and when they have made money, they may enjoy the sense and importance of the kind of power which it buys. It was long thought that PETER B. SWEENY cared only for power, and there were people who shook their heads admiringly over his "Napoleonic" qualities, and what they called his "brains." But it now appears that he had his regular share of the "swag," and there is no sign whatever in any thing that he did of any power or "qualities" or brains in any large sense. He and TWEED and their partners of the Ring ruled by the money that they stole. Without the money they would have been nobodies. Indeed, the Tammany Ring and its tools represent the kind of persons whom Senator CHRISTIANCY describes as politicians. They are without character, without education, without faith in man or woman; but they have an unscrupulous craft, and, having gained a little advantage, they buy their way. Then, as in every other department of human activity and affairs, such politicians set up a moral standard of their own. Lying and cheating are accepted as usual weapons, without the use of which the enemy would have immense advantages which it would be foolish to surrender. Caucuses and conventions are packed, and nothing moves such derisive laughter and such sincere contempt upon the part of this kind of politician as the suggestion that fair play is at least respectable, and that honesty is the best policy. We say this kind of politician, but this is the kind to which the name is usually confined, and it is this kind of which MR. CHRISTIANCY speaks under the general phrase. This kind, also, in possession of many offices, comprises those of whom the indignant newspaper asks, How long? how long?

The answer is obvious: until public sentiment is vigorous and resolved enough to reform radically the facilities which this class enjoys for its growth and development, and until every citizen becomes in some degree a politician of a better kind. In other words, we shall endure until the oppression becomes intolerable, and the only question with some despondents is whether that will be before it is hopeless and irremediable. There is a class of critics and commentators, indeed, who declare that it is absurd to attempt to interest the mass of Americans in the primary meeting. They insist that it has been tried to the end, and that the hope is utterly futile. To await such an interest is only to waste time. The only way out of the difficulty, they say, lies in some radical action, such as the restriction of the suffrage. This is amusing, because the very complaint is that the caucus which makes the convention is packed, so that the hand of the trading politician runs through the whole system of measures up to the Legislature. If the public virtue is not strong enough to persuade men to go to a primary, and to take a simple and easy interest in politics, why is it supposed that it will be strong enough to overthrow the enemy in his strongest hold? It is a proposition worthy of the "politicians" who are so despised by this class of critics, that some kind of machinery or regulation can be made to stand for character and public spirit. If there is not virtue and public spirit enough to obtain good legislators, there is certainly not enough to secure good laws.

But we do not agree that there is so doleful a lack of intelligent interest in politics in this country as is alleged, and that high character and ability are so conspicuously absent in the conduct of public affairs. The test of that interest is certainly not official position. The reason that office is not sought by all men of high character and of patriotic interest in politics is by no means always disgust or despair. There are a great many other kinds of reasons, some springing from the nature of our political system, and others from private and personal causes. But the interest and patriotism and character which do not seek office are not therefore lost to politics. They mould and admonish that private intelligence which is called public opinion. They constitute the power to which official leaders and representatives constantly turn. Congress, which the young foreign observer found so unsatisfactory in capacity and character, has yet one eye always over its shoulder toward the sentiment of the country, which unofficial men, whom he did not see, privately affect. The good sense and honest intelligence which he had observed through all the country, and which had given him so cheerful a confidence, were the final government. They existed and exist, although often now, as then, they may not be in office. What else defeated slavery, first at the polls and last in the field? What else overthrew the Tweed Ring, the most powerful combination of "politicians?" What else "investigates" and purifies, and defeats party nominations even within the party? There might, most advantageously, be very much more general active interest in politics than there is. But in a just sense the class of politicians includes a great proportion of the most thoughtful and patriotic persons in the country.

VOICES FROM MAINE AND OHIO.

IT is conceded that the election of the autumn in Ohio will be very significant of the situation of parties and the feeling of the country. The importance and intelligence of the State give great interest and value to its political action; and as two or three of those who have been conspicuously named as Democratic Presidential candidates live in Ohio—especially MR. THURMAN, who is by far the ablest Democrat in the Senate of the United States—it was clear that the platform of the Democratic Convention would be most carefully considered, and would stand as the declaration upon which the party in one of the leading States is willing to appeal for the support of the country in 1876. The result of the Convention was the nomination for Governor of MR. WILLIAM ALLEN, an ante and anti bellum Democrat, who, it is claimed, is one of the oldest public men of the State, and who is certainly one of the least known beyond it; and for Lieutenant-Governor MR. SAM F. CARY, a gentleman of chameleon politics, representative of nothing but himself; and a platform of sheer inflation and paper money—a stronger demand than has yet been made for rags instead of coin, and consequently for an indefinite prolongation of the present paralysis of industry and trade. This is the latest act of the party that amusingly tries to be considered a "reform" party, to which the country is to turn for honest and economical administration; and its great recommendation for the troubled condition into which the country has been brought by delaying to keep its promises is to declare that it spurns its word altogether, and that financially a lie is better than the truth.

The raw Democratic recruits from the Republican ranks, who have gone over because the Republican party is so unsound and its leaders so untrusty, must take remarkable comfort in a party of inflation and leaders so trusty as Messrs. ALLEN and CARY. The recruits, perhaps, think that an honest currency and a sound financial policy and political reform and administrative regeneration all lie in that direction, as well as the surer maintenance of the public-school system, the enforcement of the amendments, and the refusal of rebel compensation of every kind. Nor is there any doubt that the Ohio Democratic Convention speaks the real sentiments of the party on the subject. New England Democratic declarations are of no weight in the party councils, nor those of a few New York doctrinaires. The Western and Southern Democratic States speak for the party, and their voice is for rags; and even Judge CHURCH, in New York, says that to the mass of the people inflation is "a very taking idea." The same gentleman speaks of the Ohio demand for unlimited paper as a "compromise." It is much the same kind with that of the Western politician who said that in drinking he always compromised his liquors, that is, he poured the whisky into one glass and the water into another. Certainly the Ohio Democrats offer "a pure article" of inflation in their platform. They take their rags "neat."

But while such nominations and such a platform measure the exact worth of the Democratic claim to reform and honest administration, they are also fatal to the hopes of MR. THURMAN, the Western Democrat who would have been least objectionable to the better men of his party in this part of the country. The platform shows not only that he is not the leader of his party in his own State, but that the overwhelming weight of the party sentiment is against him. His speech when all was over was painful and pitiful. "If any are disappointed by the result of the Convention," he said, in substance, "all minor differences must be forgotten until the great work of bringing the Democratic party into power is achieved." That is to say, if any one believed that honest administration would be secured by a Democratic victory, although he now sees that the party pronounces for dishonesty, he will forget it until he has helped to bring the party into power. And this is the speech of one of the most enlightened Democratic leaders in the United States. The party, he says, goes for dishonesty; but

never mind; go for the party. Certainly every thing that the Democratic party and its chiefs say or do opens the eyes of patriotic, intelligent, and self-respecting men, and promotes Republican success. But Mr. THURMAN's protestations will not save him. He marches with his party, indeed, but he marches as a captive at the wheels of Mr. PENDLETON's conquering chariot. Mr. PENDLETON, a secessionist of the war and an inflationist now, is the representative leader of the Ohio Democracy. Mr. THURMAN, a far abler man, is disowned in the house of his political friends, and disappears from the roll of candidates for the Presidency.

The day before the assembling of the Ohio Democrats the Republicans of Maine met, announced their platform, nominated a man of spotless character and a soldier "of most heroic record," heard brief and admirable speeches from its candidate, General SELDEN CONNOR, Mr. EUGENE HALE, and Mr. W. W. THOMAS, the president of the Convention, and adjourned to the polls and victory. While the Ohio Democrats were preparing to demand more paper, and paper indefinitely, the Maine Republicans declared that "a sound currency, based on coin and redeemable in coin, is essential to the prosperity of the people." This is the accepted Republican doctrine upon the subject; nor is there any doubt that the national platform of next year will state it strongly. There is equally little doubt that, emboldened by their success in Ohio, the Democratic inflationists, who lead their party there and in the Western and Southern States, will insist upon a paper plank in their platform. And it will not be surprising if Judge CHURCH and other Democrats who think it "a taking idea" should, with Judge THURMAN, forget "minor differences" in order to secure victory to a party which will have shown itself by its declarations so indispensable to honest government.

The Maine Republican Convention omitted one duty—the expression of the Republican sentiment in regard to a third term. The reason given for the omission is entirely inadequate, for although the President has virtually withdrawn his name, yet the general question has been raised, and silence is injustice to the strong Republican sentiment upon the subject. The fact, also, that the third-term resolution was lost in the Committee by a bare majority, and that composed mainly of office-holders, is not encouraging. It is the duty of every Republican Convention to declare emphatically the uncompromising party hostility to the third term; and Maine need not have feared to say, after the President's letter, what New Hampshire said long before.

A CHARGE OF PLAGIARISM ANSWERED.

AN elaborate charge of plagiarism against an author whose position and character create the strongest presumption against his dishonesty should not be made without scrupulous care. For, when unfounded, the injury done by the accusation can not be wholly repaired, and it is no compensation that the ignorance of the accuser may be exposed by the reply. A recent instance of hasty and injurious allegation of this kind was made by a correspondent of the *Nation* in regard to the *Democracy and Monarchy in France*, by Professor C. K. ADAMS, of Michigan University. As Mr. ADAMS is a professor of history and a teacher of young men in one of the chief universities of the country, the charge was very serious, and he promptly and conclusively replied in the columns of the same paper. The chief point noticed was a singular similarity between Professor ADAMS's sketch of a work of HELVETIUS and one of the same work made by BUCKLE. The explanation is that both Mr. ADAMS and BUCKLE substantially translated a chapter of HELVETIUS, which is his own summary of his own work. Naturally, therefore, there is a striking resemblance in the two passages, as there would be, as Mr. ADAMS remarks, in two reports of the same speech. Moreover, an examination of all the works shows that Mr. ADAMS and BUCKLE translated from different editions of HELVETIUS, and that in stating a theory contained in a single chapter of eight pages both writers give fourteen different quotations, six of which are given by BUCKLE alone, five by ADAMS alone, and three by both.

Professor ADAMS follows his censor step by step, and, as we think, most candidly and satisfactorily disposes of every cavil, one of which, and the last, is an admirable illustration of the scope of the whole attack. The correspondent of the *Nation* says, "Not even Mr. ADAMS's title is original, for about three years ago Mr. H. REEVE published *Royal and Republican France*, a work of precisely the same character." The writer would seem to have counted upon the ignorance of his readers. This accusation of a plagiarized title can be tested by supposing that Mr. GREEN should be charged with want of originality in calling his late admirable work *A Short History of the English People*, since MACAULAY had already published his *History of England*. And how could MACAULAY have settled it with HUME, whose entire title he appropriated? But not only had not Professor ADAMS seen the work of Mr. REEVE, but the work itself is essentially different from his own, being a collection of various articles upon French subjects published in the English reviews during the last thirty years. The fact seems to be that somebody who had either lately read or who freshly remembered BUCKLE and LANFREY took up the book of Professor ADAMS, and, recognizing a similar strain, could think of no other explanation than deliberate dishonesty. It is to be hoped that he will be a little more careful hereafter before making allegations which, under the circumstances, are none the less injurious because they take the form of inquiry.

TWEED.

THE release of TWEED is a public humiliation. If the law really has not provided a simple and summary procedure for his flagrant and enormous offenses, the fact accuses us all. There is not a wretched pauper or man driven desperate by want of work and a starving family who should steal ten dollars to relieve their want who would not be promptly and adequately punished. But here is a man who has stolen millions of dollars drawn in taxes from the hard toil of working-men, who has defied public decency, buying judges and bribing Legislatures and Executives, corrupting the public mind and debauching public morals, who has not refunded a penny of his booty, and who hopes yet by some juggle of the law to retain it all; and the highest court in the State of New York solemnly declares that he was illegally sentenced by one of the most learned and sagacious judges upon the Supreme bench, certainly the peer as a lawyer of any of the higher justices. The decision has been duly announced, and the Supreme Court, in which TWEED was sentenced, has made the proper order, and the prisoner who, until we called attention to the fact, lived in the prison as if he had been the guest of the State, while offenders infinitely less guilty, the thieves of a few hundred dollars, were rigorously treated, has been released from a sentence pronounced illegal.

The community has most properly acquiesced in the decision of the court. That is a mandate which in all truly civilized society is still supreme, because such society knows that the forms of law are the bulwarks of liberty, and that it is better the most evident and flagrant criminal should escape than that one innocent person should suffer. But this does not affect the truth of what we say, that if the law really does provide no adequate and accessible remedy for the community against such offenses as those of TWEED, it is a common shame and humiliation. The Court of Appeals released him upon a purely technical point, and the question involved is so obvious and simple that it seems incredible it had not been fully settled by uniform and indisputable precedent. That it was not so settled, however, is established by the fact that Judge DAVIS was himself at first doubtful, and only subsequently reached the conclusion upon which he acted. The point is whether different misdemeanors of precisely the same character, and each and all parts of one system of crime, may be properly included in one indictment, so that the penalty attaches to each offense simultaneously established. There are other points, also, as to the extent of the power of the Court of Appeals in review, and the scope of the writ of *habeas corpus*. There are sound lawyers who are of opinion that the decision of the court in this respect has opened the doors to very grave abuses. That there should be any question at all of the essential point is another illustration of the vexations of the law, and we trust that some lawyer who has made the subject a special study will think the decision of the court a proper text for an exhaustive review.

Of course, as the crimes of TWEED are not denied, as it is perfectly well known not only that he stole enormous sums from the public treasury, but precisely how he stole them, and as it is plain that imprisonment for a year only for such an offense is absurd, the universal feeling in regard to the release is that while it may be law, it is certainly not justice. There are thousands of TWEED's disciples who would gladly serve twice the term of his imprisonment for half his booty; and should the legal jugglery which is paid for out of stolen money succeed in extricating him entirely from his just punishment, there will be very serious doubts of HOOKER's doctrine that the bosom of God is the seat of the law. The enactments of the last Legislature will undoubtedly make offenses like TWEED's more difficult hereafter, and the penalty swifter, surer, and more adequate. It was certainly time that the law should deal stringently with official frauds, and that stealing, under whatever pretense, and by whatever persons, under whatever cloak of dignity, should be treated as stealing. It is a lesson apparently very hard to learn. Newspapers which, at a time when TWEED's thefts were almost as notorious as they are now, published elaborate descriptions of the bridal gifts which were offered in fear, merely because he was known to be a powerful and unscrupulous robber, now speak of "the movements of Mr. TWEED" as if he were an important and respectable character. They are not careful to speak with titles of respect of the small offenders who are daily condemned by the police courts. The very enormity of the theft, although the method was as simple as picking a pocket, is seemingly very impressive to the reportorial imagination. Perhaps, as when NAPOLEON returned from Elba to Paris his titles grew apace as he advanced, and the usurper and miscreant on the coast had changed to his Imperial Majesty at the capital, we shall yet read that "the Honorable Mr. TWEED yesterday entertained a distinguished party at his palatial residence upon the Fifth Avenue."

There is not now, nor has there ever been, any vindictive public feeling toward TWEED. There has been only a very positive conviction among all honest men that such an offender, upon due conviction, should be adequately punished; and there was natural and just indignation that the sheriff refused to treat him as a felon after his sentence, and that his money procured him luxuries and immunities in the Penitentiary which poorer criminals could not enjoy. The attempt to bespeak peculiar sympathy for a prisoner who had peculiar indulgences failed, and he came out of prison weighing as much as when he entered, in good health and spirits, and able to sneer to his secretary at the judge who had sentenced him. Should he now escape altogether the meshes of the law, the eighteen months that he has passed on Blackwell's Island will but endear him more closely to his supporters; and there is no reason to doubt that he could be again nominated and elected by his old constituency to the Legislature. Such an escape would be a melancholy commentary upon our system of legal procedure, or upon the legal ability which interprets it. That such a phenomenon should be developed in our political society is humiliating, but that we could do nothing for our own relief would be monstrous.

PERSONAL.

THE late TAPPAN WENTWORTH, of Lowell, Massachusetts, who died June 13, bequeathed the bulk of his property to Dartmouth College. The bequest will ultimately be of the value of $500,000. Few colleges in the country have so much of historic interest connected with them as Dartmouth. It grew out of a school established one hundred and twenty-five years ago by the Rev. ELEAZER WHEELOCK, designed for the education of Indian children. It was here JOHN OCCOM, a young Mohegan, was educated, who became a remarkable preacher. He went to England with the Rev. NATHANIEL WHITTAKER to collect funds, and raised $50,000. A board of trustees was there organized, of which Lord DARTMOUTH was made president. In 1769 Governor WENTWORTH gave it a charter, "with all the immunities of any university within the British realm." In 1770 the "university" was removed from Lebanon, Connecticut, to its present location in Hanover, New Hampshire, where its pupils numbered eighteen whites and six Indians. The whole colony lived in log-huts. In 1771 the first class of four students was graduated. It is now one of the first of American colleges.

—The Earl of Albemarle is preparing *Fifty Years of my Life* for publication. It will contain facts and fancies, social and political, about the chief persons and events of the early part of the present century, including an account, founded on his own experiences, of the battle of Waterloo. It will be published in the fall.

—The English poets, who do a little retail business quite often, get tolerably fair prices for their wares. Mr. TENNYSON always expects $500 for any lyric that he may write for a magazine; ROBERT BUCHANAN was paid $500 for "the few little poems" which recently appeared in one of the magazines, which he wrote in three days; and Mr. SWINBURNE received $250 for his "Love laid his sleepless head."

—M. HAYDACK, a French *savant*, has done a sweet thing in the way of scientific nomenclature. According to a French pharmaceutical journal, he has analyzed orthoamidotelunesulphonic acid and diacorthoamido-paratoluenesulphonic acid, and also affirms that the action of pewter and hydrochloric acid on nitrobromacetanilide produces hydrochloride of ethenylbromophenylenediamite. We are glad of this, because we now understand it, though it sounds like a series of complicated anathemas in one word.

—Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON has just closed his sixtieth year of active legal practice. In 1817 he was State Attorney of Maryland, and from that time up to the end of his term in the United States Senate, in 1869, was almost constantly the occupant of distinguished positions.

—The library of the late Mr. BRINLEY, of Hartford, is judged by bibliopolists to be one of the finest private collections in the United States, its value being estimated as high as $250,000. It is notable for rare works, among them seven copies of the famous ELLIOTT's Indian Bible, the first Bible printed in New England. These are valued at $1000 each. The collection is especially rich in early American books, and has a large quantity of manuscripts and old vellum prints. The books are all expensively bound. Even his old almanacs, two centuries old, he sent to England for binding. In such matters his taste was very fastidious. He was a man of a literary turn, and his library contains many works of great rarity and value.

—Why should not one admire the poetry of Massachusetts, when, as at the recent military reunions in that State, a stave like the following should be chanted?

"Eloquence may be truly said
To be a heavenly gift;
We have a bright example here
In General JOHN L. SWIFT."

—The trustees of Cornell University have elected GOLDWIN SMITH to be Professor of Political and Constitutional History. He is to reside at Ithaca during one term each year.

—Dr. GEORGE B. LORING has written an article on the "Medical Profession in Massachusetts during the Revolution," in which he says that its influence and power in public affairs were very great—greater than the power of the lawyers; and he proves it by history.

—Dr. and General JOSEPH WARREN's day-book shows that he dropped his practice May 8. There are generally from twelve to twenty entries daily in the book. On April 19, 1775, there is but one entry, he having left for Lexington on horseback, for certain purposes that have become generally known.

—M. GUIZOT's library brought about $15,000 under the hammer. That of Mr. T. W. FIELD, of Brooklyn, about half as large, brought about $12,500.

—Speaking of lecturers, how small the sum received by the foremost of that profession in our day compared with that paid to the platform men of antiquity! HERODOTUS, for example, when an old man, read his History to an Athenian audience at the Panatheniac festival, and so enchanted them that they gave him ten talents, or $12,500, as a recompense. ISOCRATES received a sum equivalent to $19,375 for one oration, and VIRGIL for his famous lines on MARCELLUS was rewarded by a gift of $8500, and, according to SUETONIUS, TIBERIUS presented to ASELLIUS SABINUS 400,000 sesterces (about $18,700) for a dialogue he wrote between a mushroom, a cabbage, an oyster, and a thrush, in which they disputed among themselves.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE United States steamer *Saranac*, which left San Francisco, June 8, for Sitka and Behring Straits on a scientific expedition, struck a rock nine days afterward in Seymour Pass, Swanson Straits, and soon disappeared in deep water. The officers and crew were saved, but all else was lost. The ship was a second-rate side-wheeler, carrying eleven guns.

William M. Tweed was released from the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island June 21, and brought to this city. He furnished bail on the criminal charges, but not being able to obtain the $3,000,000 bail required in the civil suit, he was locked up in the Ludlow Street Jail.

The Maine Democratic State Convention met at Augusta June 22. General Charles W. Roberts was nominated for Governor. An effort was made to incorporate the Ohio inflation resolution into the platform, but it failed.

The Connecticut Legislative Committee on the Centennial favor an appropriation of $40,000 to the National Centennial Exhibition.

The New Hampshire State Legislature has re-elected Benjamin F. Prescott Secretary of State.

The New York Prohibition State Convention met at Syracuse, June 23, and nominated a part of the State ticket as follows: For Secretary of State, G. D. Dusenbury, of Ontario; Comptroller, Anson A. Hopkins, of Monroe; for Treasurer, Stephen B. Ayers, of Yates; for State Engineer and Surveyor, George A. Dudley, of Ulster; Canal Commissioner, Ira D. Bell, of St. Lawrence; State-prison Inspector, John B. Gibb, of New York; Attorney-General, Eli T. Marsh, of Herkimer. Resolutions were adopted condemning the license law, and demanding prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

The California Independents held a State Convention, June 23, at San Francisco, and nominated Hon. John Bidwell, a wealthy farmer of Butte County, for Governor. Hon. R. Pacheco, the present Lieutenant-Governor and acting Governor, was renominated. The resolutions adopted were all directed to reforms in local matters.

A State Convention of the Democrats, Liberals, and Anti-monopolists of Iowa was held June 24. Shepperd Leffler was nominated for Governor.

Rear-Admiral John Decamp died at Burlington, New Jersey, June 24, aged sixty-three years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE French Assembly has unanimously voted an allowance of $120,000 to promote a worthy representation of France at the United States Centennial.

The Belgian difficulty, according to *Le Nord*, has been amicably settled. A final note is said to have been received from Germany, thanking Belgium for her last communication, and closing the discussion in the most friendly manner.

Serious riots, caused by the ultramontanes, occurred, June 21, in the town of Rhein, East Prussia. The burgomaster was stabbed and dangerously wounded.

The French Assembly, after a hot debate, June 21, passed the Public Powers Bill to a second reading.

Lady Franklin is hopelessly ill. A few days ago she bade farewell to the commander of the *Pandora*, who went in search of the Franklin relics.

The river Garonne, in France, has been overflowed by recent rains. Two bridges and many houses have been carried away. Toulouse was inundated, and more than a hundred persons were drowned. At Verdun over fifty houses were leveled, and many persons were killed.

The Belgian Chamber of Representatives has passed a bill making the offer to commit a crime a punishable offense, and prescribing penalties therefor. The vote stood seventy-five to six.

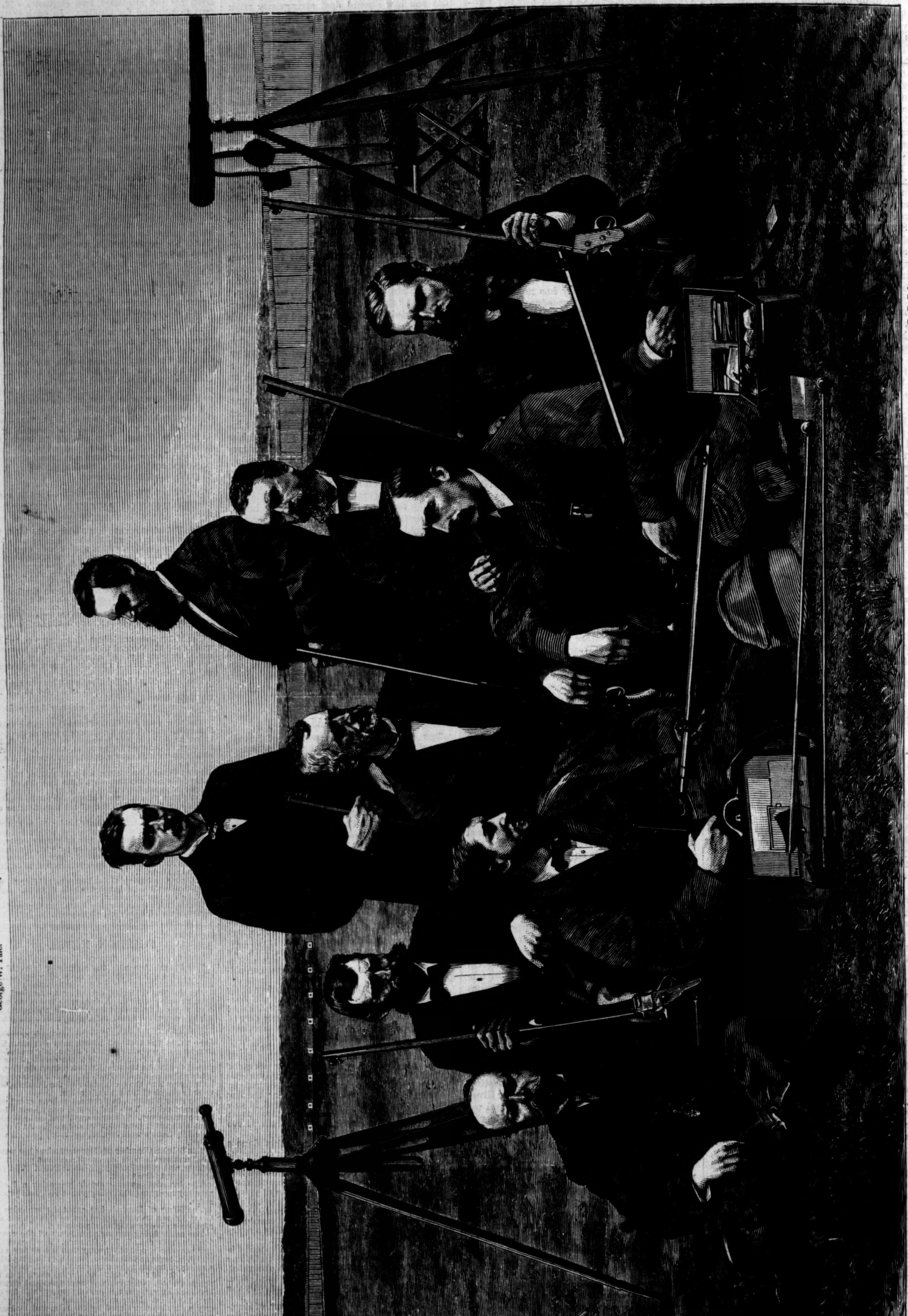
The Prussian government is preparing a Parliamentary measure prohibiting public religious processions.

The King of Burmah has granted permission to Great Britain to send armed forces through his dominions to Western China, if necessary.

The mails bring further particulars of the recent terrible earthquake in New Granada. The loss of life and property was much greater than was at first supposed. Cucuta and all the surrounding villages within a radius of twenty miles were completely destroyed by the severity of the shock. At Cucuta alone it is estimated that between two and three thousand persons lost their lives, while the loss of property will far exceed $8,000,000. Many serious losses of life and property were also occasioned by the rain, and by bands of robbers, who organized, immediately after the shock had passed away, for the purpose of plundering the houses prostrated.

The Count von Arnim has been convicted by the Prussian court of intentionally abstracting state papers of the character of public deeds intrusted to him, and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

The British House of Lords, June 24, passed the Canadian Copyright Bill to a second reading.



THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE-MATCH—THE AMERICAN TEAM.—Photographed by Rockwood expressly for Harper's Weekly.—[See Page 557.]

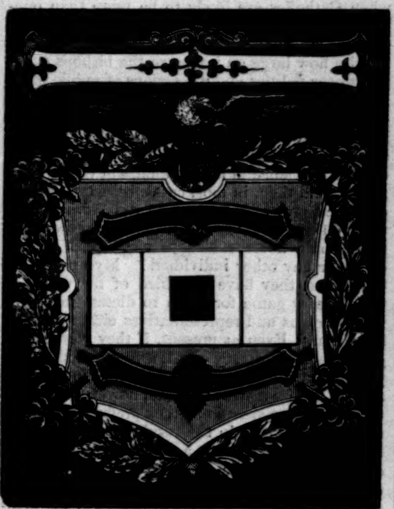
THE GREAT RIFLE-MATCH.

ON the preceding page will be found the portraits of the American riflemen who have gone abroad to measure their skill with the riflemen of Ireland. The captain of the team is Colonel HENRY A. GILDERSLEEVE. He was born in Dutchess County, New York, August 1, 1840, his father being a farmer near Poughkeepsie. In 1862, when he was but twenty-two years of age, he recruited a company of one hundred men, and joined the One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment of New York Volunteers, with the rank of captain. His command lay at Baltimore until the following year, when they joined the Army of the Potomac, under MEADE, and fought in the battle of Gettysburg. From that time Captain GILDERSLEEVE was mainly employed in different administrative positions, being provost-marshal of various important posts, rejoining his regiment as a part of the Twentieth Army Corps at Kenesaw Mountain, and remaining with SHERMAN during his "march to the sea." During his army experience GILDERSLEEVE had been promoted to the rank of major, and again brevetted as lieutenant-colonel June 12, 1865. He was mustered from the service at Poughkeepsie June 12, 1865. He at once came to New York and entered Columbia College Law School, and was admitted to the bar in the following year. He immediately entered upon a lucrative practice. Colonel GILDERSLEEVE'S shooting experience dates from the establishment of Creedmoor. He is accounted an excellent marksman, and has won numerous prizes.

Major HENRY FULTON, who held the first place in the team of last year, and has thus far been first in practice this season, was born near Rochester, Monroe County, New York, March 14, 1845. He entered the army as a private in the Twenty-first New York Cavalry, recruited at Rochester, and did active service in the Shenandoah Valley. He was wounded and taken prisoner in a skirmish in the Blue Ridge Mountains, and remained four months and a half in the Libby Prison, when he was allowed to go North on parole. On being exchanged he joined a battalion of scouts, and harassed LEE'S communications up to the time of the surrender. He then served against the Indians on the plains, and was mustered out in 1866. His reputation as a marksman is very high. In the Military Long-Range match, June 6, 1874, he held second place, with a score of 27 in a possible 28, with SHARPS'S military rifle, winning a life membership in the National Rifle Association. In the fifth REMINGTON match, on the same date, he took sixth place. In the fall meeting FULTON did good service in the Twelfth Regiment team, and in the *Army and Navy Journal* match took first prize, with a score of 26 in a possible 28. In the All-Comers match, 500 and 600 yards, with 48 in a possible 56, he held fourth place, winning more silver. In the BENNETT match he made 158 in a possible 180, taking second place and $100 cash prize, J. RIGBY, of the Irish team, taking the first prize. He was twice successful in the contest for the Amateur Club long-range badge, with scores of 77 and 73 in possible 84's. In the aggregate prizes FULTON won a $40 telescope for the best aggregate in three matches. In the international match of last year he made a run of 171 in a possible 180, beating every thing thus far done at any range in a public match. At present he holds the position of President of the Amateur Rifle Club, and Secretary of the National Rifle Association.

THE CUP.

Colonel JOHN BODINE, a native of Ulster County, New York, is about forty-nine years of age. He has been an enthusiastic rifleman since his boyhood. When the team of 1874 was selected, Colonel BODINE was chosen without any previous practice, which his business engagements had forbidden, merely on account of his general reputation as a good shot. His performance on the day of the International match justified this departure from the strict rules laid down for the selection of the team. In appearance BODINE is a tall, wiry man. He has a gray eye and light hair, and when shooting has always clung to the prone position. Colonel BODINE is one of the few attendants at Creedmoor who are proficient at both long and short ranges. He was the winner of the first Amateur Club badge at 500 yards, winning it three times with scores of 25, 27, and 28 in a possible 28. In the International match he held third place on the American side, with a score of 158 in a possible 180. In that contest he fired the last shot, knowing, as he did so, that upon that effort depended the success or failure of his side. His steadiness on that occasion is one of the memorable incidents of Creedmoor.



THE BADGE.

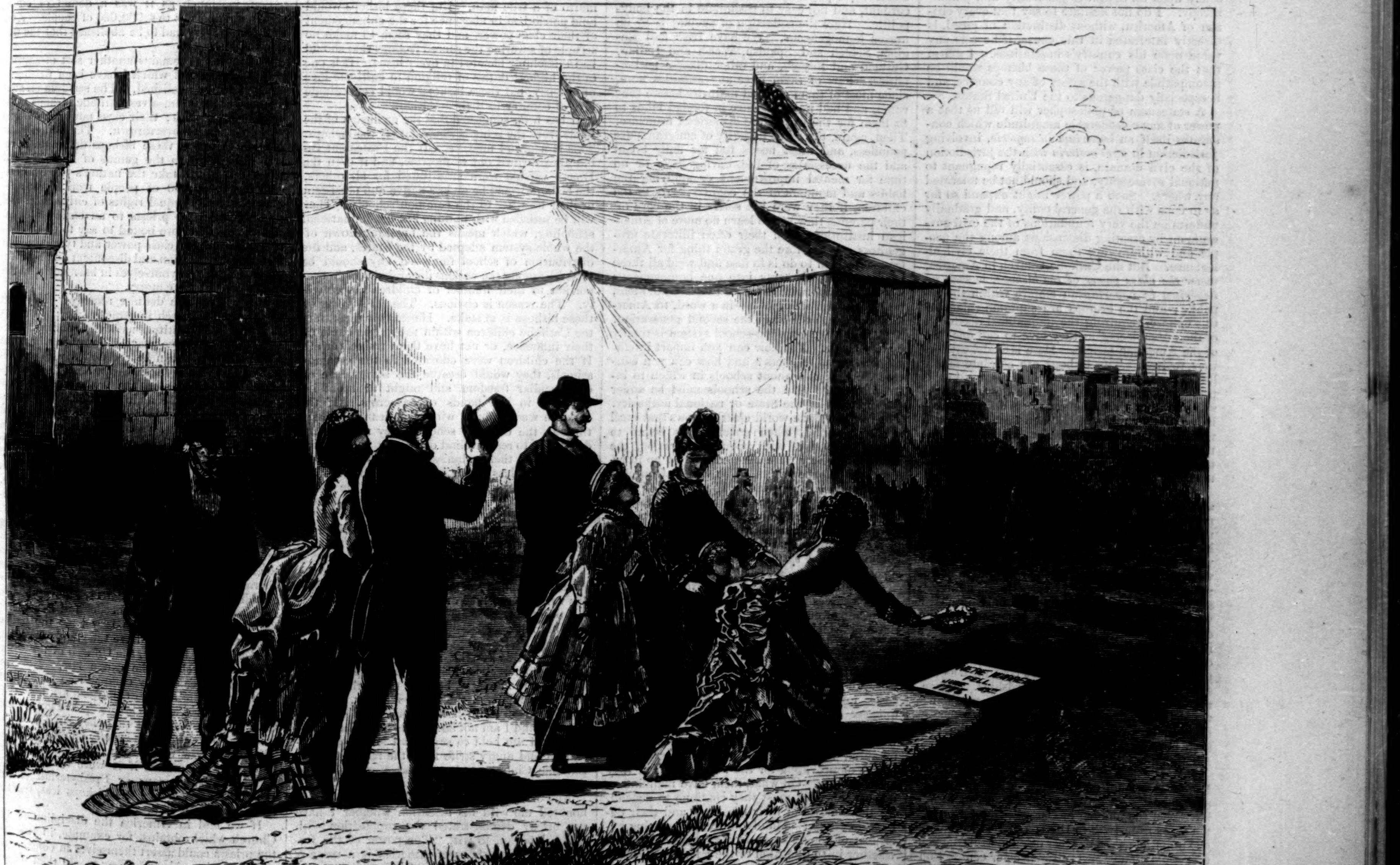
General T. S. DAKIN was born in Orange County, New York, in 1831. During the war he saw active service as captain with the Thirteenth (Brooklyn) Regiment, which he joined as a private in 1849. In the arrangement of the names on the team of 1874, according to scores made, General DAKIN was fourth man, with a total of 564 in a possible 800. On the day of the International match he made the lowest score on the American side, making 139 points. One of his mishaps was a bad bullet, which fell short of the target. During the present season he has injured his scores by using a new weapon of a new make instead of his tried rifle of last year. As a consequence he has made several bad breaks. He takes great precautions in his shooting, practicing with much method and precision. He shoots in a lying-down position.

Mr. G. W. YALE is a native of Connecticut, having been born at New Haven. He is now about forty-nine years of age. For many years he has been identified with the gun-manufacturing interests of this country, and is at present General Superintendent of the Sharps Rifle Company. Although a thorough expert in all matters relating to rifle-shooting, Mr. YALE'S prize list is not a long one. During 1874 he confined his efforts mainly to long-range practice and coaching other men, in anticipation of the International match. He was selected as one of the American team, and made a score of 162 points in a possible 180.

Mr. ANDREW V. CANFIELD, Jun., the youngest man in the team, was born at Bedford, Westchester County, New York, June 24, 1853. In the competition for places on the American team of 1874 he made a score which placed his name on the list of reserves. He is regarded as a very fair shot.

Captain LESLIE C. BRUCE was born at Lexington, Kentucky, March 25, 1849, his father being Colonel S. D. BRUCE, the well-known authority on turf matters. In 1871 he came to this city and entered the office of the *Turf, Field, and Farm* as business manager, becoming in 1873 a joint proprietor. While at home in Kentucky he was a member of the Lexington Chasseurs, under command of his father. This was an independent company, famous for their perfection of drill and marksmanship. When the competition for the team of 1875 was announced Captain BRUCE determined to win a place upon it, and set to work in earnest. He succeeded in winning the tenth place, and by the resignation of Mr. JEWELL became one of the nine.

Mr. L. M. BALLARD is a native of this city, and about thirty-six years of age. He has never been connected with any military organization, but has done off-hand shooting for some



WHERE WARREN FELL.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. LA MOSS.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

time. In gallery shooting with light arms he has made good scores. In the fourth match for the *Turf, Field, and Farm* badge he was the first man with a score of 16 in a possible 20 at 200 yards. In the spring meeting of 1874 he took fourth prize in the Military Long-Range match with a Sharps military arm, with 24 in a possible 28 at 500 yards. His record in the competition for places on the team this year is very fair.

Mr. Roswell C. Coleman was born at Goshen, Orange County, New York, December 3, 1840. Up to last September Mr. Coleman had never fired a shot with a rifle. The International match stirred him up to practice, and his progress has been sufficiently rapid to win him a position on the team this year.

The cup and badge which the American team take over with them are of elegant workmanship. The former, manufactured by Tiffany & Co., is of silver, with ebony base, and is surmounted by a copy of Crawford's "America." On one side is the American eagle, two rifles—Sharps's and Remington's—crossed, and sprigs of laurel and shamrock intertwined. The shield underneath bears the following inscription:

Presented by the
American Rifle Team
to the
Riflemen of Ireland
for annual competition, as a
Memorial of the
First International Rifle Match
on Irish soil.
June 29, 1875.

The badge, which is also of tasteful design, was manufactured by the Gorham Manufacturing Company.

(Concluded from last Number.)

MITRED TYRANTS.

FROM A ROMAN CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW.

By THE REV. FATHER STACK.

Thus far we have examined somewhat into the internal economy of the Church proper, and seen her canonical discipline in contrast with the exceptional *régime* prevailing in the United States. May I not presume now to claim the reader's sympathy for the unfortunate caste to which I belong? I write in behalf of the priesthood, confident that a candid *exposé* of facts can form but one opinion among an enlightened people; and as the majority of the American people are yet free, and can afford to speak, I trust we shall find that intelligent public sentiment is at one with us, and favors our aspirations to rid ourselves of galling bondage. Public opinion, particularly in our day, is conceded to be the lever that moves every thing. Would to God it might move and overthrow the incubus of episcopal tyranny that lords it over the priests and Catholic people of America!

But our claim for sympathy does not rest solely upon an appeal to generosity and philanthropy. I do not hesitate to say that every citizen of America, without distinction of creed, is directly interested in this cause, if he sets any value upon his country's institutions. I affirm that the class power of these bishops would be incompatible with the safety of any country, and is especially dangerous to the United States.

A statesman or philosopher will tell us that a power of any considerable magnitude which constitutes itself an *imperium in imperio*, involving jurisdiction in *pari materia* with the jurisdiction of the civil domain, is essentially repugnant to national sovereignty, and should not be tolerated any where. Such a power might expand so far as to cope with the general polity, and gradually undermine the very foundations of the civil government by creating dissensions among the people and withdrawing them from their civil allegiance. But the Catholic Church in America, *under the class power of the bishops*, is such an *imperium in imperio*—an empire within the republic; and the bishops are supreme rulers of this empire, requiring the unqualified obedience of their "subjects," as they love to call one-fifth of the American people. Here is feudal aristocracy revived. The bishops are absolute feudal lords; and Bishop O'Hara informs us, in his printed argument to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, that they intend to remain thus absolute until they make the Roman Catholic Church the State Church in America, and compel the national government to co-operate in enforcing their ideas. Their purpose is, therefore, unmistakable. How are we preparing to meet it?

We talk much about corporations of wealth, and associations are formed to curb them and modify their transactions. Such corporations, though limited by charter, are jealously watched by the government and thoughtful citizens. But what are the railroad and other corporations of wealth in comparison with the corporation of Roman Catholic bishops—a corporation unknown to the law—who possess not only immense wealth, but also immense popular power and clerical patronage? Every ecclesiastical office is dispensed by these bishops as a mere gift, on condition of personal fealty to them; and so the priests and Catholic people are controlled as vassals and retainers of their lordships. When, therefore, the time is ripe for the State alliance which the bishops contemplate, and when, at that juncture, we are threatened with having only such laws as they desire, let me ask, How shall American citizenship then stand?

But, I hear it said, that time can never come. I hope so. I am no advocate of State churches any where. But let us not be self-deceived. We have seen the number of Catholics doubled every ten years from 1830 to 1870; that is, they gained one hundred per cent. every decade, while the general population gained thirty-five per cent. Suppose they go on increasing at any thing like this ratio, how long will it take them to reach a majority of the whole American people? They were more than one-fifth in 1870. Natural growth and immigration will make them one-third probably within ten years. It is notable that Catholic families are more numerous than Protestant families. The Church, therefore, naturally increases faster than the rest of the population; and, when the immigrants are superadded, it needs no prophet to say that we are, most of us, young enough to live until we behold one-third and perhaps one-half of the whole American people inside the pale of the Catholic Church. The conviction is widely entertained that in 1900 the Catholics will elect the President of the United States. But be that as it may, if the absolutism of the bishops continues some ten years longer, when Catholics are likely to be more than one-third of the people—if the episcopal *imperium in imperio* exists then as now—it is important to inquire how large an influence the bishops could exert over politics and the actions of public men. It seems to me, humble as I am, that if I held one-third of the American people in the Catholic organization, and under the discipline of the bishops' class power, I could manage to exert a decided influence in all the affairs of the nation; for I would then, in most cases, have the balance of power, and might count on the average politician to carry out my schemes. But how much more could not the bishops accomplish than I could, or any other individual? My opinion is, that when they have one-third of the voters, it will be easy game for them to dictate measures to politicians and representatives either in State or nation. Even at present, if they worked together as a class, they could, with one-fifth of the people, exert a tremendous influence in political affairs. Wise men as they are, however—that is, wise in their generation—they prefer to wait until they make certain the result of concerted action. They realize that a premature effort might defeat their ultimate design, but they feel strong enough already to show their hand and foreshadow what is to come. The *data* of the present will serve us to estimate the future.

We have in America an institution which can not be too highly prized, and which has been adopted throughout the country with the impulse of national instinct—I mean the great common-school system. This has been esteemed, and doubtless is, the prime political necessity of the republic. Without popular intelligence the government of the people by the people degenerates into corruption, and becomes a by-word and a reproach. In a republic more than any other form of government it is demanded of the citizen to acquire a respectable standard of intelligence, and without such acquisition it is altogether impossible to attain political virtue or preserve the proper public spirit. So long as the people remain in ignorance, so long will politics continue a trade, and mere demagogues and politicians occupy the place of statesmen. And in the United States the necessity for general intelligence is all the more imperative because we have to deal with elements of population heterogeneous and discordant, and not easy to assimilate in the body-politic. Here the collection of peoples is by no means homogeneous. We have Irish and English, Scotch and Spanish, Welsh and Italian, German and French, and other diverse nationalities. Few of them have any affinities here, since most of them reached maturity before they came, and had no experience in foreign lands to fit them for the use of the American franchise. Then, again, the great majority of emigrants are penniless, and must needs toil for daily bread and the necessaries of life, having little or no time for mental improvement or studying the habits and manners of the country. As to the children, if they were left solely in the care of their parents, they would learn no more of American institutions than their often illiterate progenitors. Wherefore the grand thing for American statesmen to do is to fuse and weld all those heterogeneous elements into one homogeneous whole; to familiarize them with republican ideas, traditions, and sentiments—in a word, to Americanize them, at least in the second generation. To this end the common-school system is totally indispensable. For how can you impart intelligence without teachers? and how can you educate the masses without schools in which to instruct them? And the schools must be under the direction of the State or national authority. The history of the world clearly shows that until a recent period, when governments began to charge themselves with popular education, the masses of society were allowed to grow up in ignorance and superstition. The various Churches aimed only at imparting a knowledge of their creeds, and always neglected the civic culture of the people. The Churches therefore can not be intrusted with the secular education even of their own adherents. And this fact alone justifies the common-school system as it exists under State supervision.

John Stuart Mill says: "The primary and perennial sources of all social evils are ignorance and want of culture. Of all calamities they are those of which the persons suffering from them are apt to be the least aware. Of their bodily wants and ailments mankind are generally conscious; but the want of mind, the want of being wiser and better, is in far the greater number of cases unfelt. Some of its disastrous consequences are felt, but they are ascribed to any imaginable cause except the true one. This want has also the property of disguising from mankind not only itself, but the most eligible means of providing for the wants of which they are conscious. On what, then, have mankind to depend, on what must they continue to depend, for the removal of their ignorance and their defect of culture? Mainly on the unremitting exertions of the most instructed and cultivated, whether in the position of the government or of private station, to awaken in their minds a consciousness of this want, and to facilitate to them the means of supplying it." If these views of a celebrated philosopher are universally true, they have special force in application to America. I repeat, then, popular education is here a prime political necessity. And speaking for myself, I would say, let us have compulsory education.

Now it may be safely laid down that any power, under any name, that seeks to hinder the education of the masses in and by our common-school system is hostile to the United States. But do not the American bishops stand in open and avowed antagonism to the common schools, North, South, East, and West? Do they not stigmatize our schools as infidel and godless, and make pulpit and press ring with their denunciations? It is preached to Catholics that they are oppressed by the school tax, that their right of conscience even is infringed, and that, while the school tax is levied on them, they are no better off in America, with its pretended freedom, than they were in Ireland, where the odious tithe rent was exacted from them to sustain the heresies of the Established Church. Our school system being thus placed on a level with the Established Church of England—a thing detested in the memory of Irish Catholics—their affections are thus ingeniously alienated from that which promises to be the very palladium of our liberties. Already Catholics look upon the school system as an imposition, and the school tax as a palpable injustice. Is it not easy to see that, with such impressions constantly fostered among them, the antagonism will result in mischief? If Catholics are to be alienated from our school system and whatever else the bishops may object to, it is foolish to expect from them the fruits of American citizenship. They can cherish but little patriotism and entertain but little attachment for a country in which they believe they are oppressed.

I have no doubt that in a few years the school question will become a distinct issue in national politics. In some districts at present even it enters into politics. A correspondent of the New York *Times* ascribed the defeat of the new Constitution of Ohio last fall to the influence of the Catholic vote concentrated to defeat the article providing common-school education. When the school question is made a general and distinct issue, the watch-word for Catholics is likely to be the principle enunciated by Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, "We are Catholics first, citizens next." And by being Catholics it is understood that they are to obey the bishops. *Personal* obedience to an American bishop is substituted for obedience to the *laws* of the Church; the man holds himself superior to the system, and arbitrarily dictates his own pleasure when he should only require compliance with the canon law. The motto, "We are Catholics first, citizens next," is therefore tantamount to saying, "We obey the bishops first, the state next."

The pernicious tendency of such teaching is manifest from the fact that true Catholicism, and all religion deserving the name, unite religion and patriotism together. *Religio et patria* is the motto of a true man. But these bishops would hold patriotism in abeyance for the enhancement of their class power, and they seem to make no scruple of severing the sacred feelings that should be indissolubly blended in every heart. It is one of the highest duties of religion to cultivate love of country, but these bishops would subordinate love of country to their ambition.

It has been suggested that the exclusion of the Bible from the schools would satisfy the bishops. This is a grand mistake. If the Protestant Bible were thrown out to-morrow, and if even the Douay version were substituted for all others, the bishops would be no less active and persistent in their hostility to the common schools. They will be satisfied with nothing but denominational schooling, which means the breaking down of the whole system adopted by the States, and the distribution of school funds—if any should be raised—among the various denominations in proportion to their number of children respectively. The reason is obvious. The class power of these bishops is at stake. Hence they must train the Catholic children within the magic circle of their influence, or not have them trained at all. If the children were educated in the common schools, they would breathe the atmosphere of our peculiar freedom, and might turn out intractable in the hands of autocrats. If the children were imbued with American sentiment through the common schools, they might some day refuse to render blind obedience, and demand a reason for their submission. This would terminate the class power of bishops; and the apprehension of such a consequence is the secret of the bishops' opposition to common-school education.

What, then, is the outlook? Will the bishops abandon their policy of antagonism?

Evidently no.

Will the state authority yield, and are the American people likely to conciliate these bishops with the sacrifice of the common schools?

I think not.

What follows?

A conflict.

Though this conflict may be postponed, it is sure to come. The longer it is postponed, the worse for the country, because the Catholic population, the basis of the bishops' power, is steadily gaining on the general population. I am no prophet, and I am not anxious to hazard a prophecy, but I am bold to say that I anticipate contention and angry strife from the relation of the Catholic Church, *under the sway of bishops*, to the American republic.

And now may I not ask the reader who has honored me with his attention whether I have not briefly demonstrated the proposition with which I began, to wit, "The power of the Roman Catholic bishops of America is a tyranny within the Church, and a standing danger to the liberties of the country?"

Let me not be told that this nation is indestructible, since there is no Divine promise for its perpetuity. Empires as mighty have fallen, and the republics of old crumbled to decay.

"Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?"

Americans justly pride themselves on their giant strength and untold resources. But however glorious the prestige of this republic, which is the refuge of humanity, and embraces the oppressed of all climes in the welcome and hospitality of freedom, it is yet not impossible that ruin may overtake us. This nation is doubtless God-given to the human race, and this government is the grandest experiment in history; but, great as it is, the nation will disintegrate and die unless we adopt the appointed means to preserve it, and guard it with unremitting care. So true is Jefferson's maxim, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Father Newman, of England, whose intellect, in the language of Mr. Gladstone, is "sharp enough to cut the diamond, and bright as the diamond which it cuts," informs us that *nations die like individuals*. They die either a natural or a violent death. The *natural* death of a nation results from *internal* causes; that is, civil war, revolution, enormities of men in power, loss of public spirit, jarring and factious interests. The *violent* death of a nation results from *external* causes; that is, foreign war, foreign influence, and other causes analogous to what produces violent death in the individual.

This nation probably can not die a violent death. It can not be conquered. All other nations combined, I think, could not subjugate America. There is therefore little danger from without. But there is danger from within. America may die a natural death—death by internal dissensions, clashing of interests, intrigues of men in power, loss of public spirit.

Again, Dr. Newman tells us "the life of a nation is some possession held in common by all the members of the body-politic." When this common possession which constitutes the bond of social union is destroyed, the nation dies. What, then, is the life of the United States? what is it which, if destroyed, would kill the nation? In other words, what is the common possession which is the bond of social union, and holds the United States together as a peculiar, sovereign people? I venture to say that the common possession which makes the United States *one* nation is the possession of equal rights and liberties for all citizens—such rights and liberties being enjoyed, of course, under the laws and the Constitution. This possession of equal rights and liberties for all citizens is the very life of the American republic, and any cause calculated to disturb or destroy this common possession must prove injurious or fatal to the nation. There is the reason why Southern slavery jeopardized the integrity of the country and brought about the calamities of civil war. The existence of slavery was an irritating, disturbing disorder in the body-politic, and was incompatible with the life of the nation, inasmuch as it was a denial of equal rights and liberties to 4,000,000 of people. And therefore slavery had to be abolished that the nation might live.

But there yet remains another sort of slavery—that, namely, of which I have been writing—and *it* must be abolished. The serfdom created by men calling themselves Catholic bishops must be done away with; their class power must, one way or other, be overthrown. The *imperium in imperio* in which these bishops dominate is utterly repugnant to the genius of America, and tends directly to take the nation's life by withdrawing 8,000,000 of people from their allegiance and their equal rights of citizenship, and by reducing 4000 priests to an enslaved caste. America is therefore bound to say to these bishops, Give up your class power and tyranny; quit fostering disaffection and discontent among Catholic citizens; put yourselves in harmony with the institutions of the country.

But what is the definite remedy? How can the Catholic Church in America be put in harmony with the institutions of the country?

There is only one peaceable way in which the Catholic Church can be reconciled with the republic, and that is *the emancipation of the priesthood.* We have seen the enslavement of the priesthood to be the main instrumentality of the class power of the bishops. Therefore, if you liberate the priests, you remove the despotism of the American Church. And how can this be effected? I answer by substituting the lawful canonical discipline of the Church Catholic in lieu of the prevailing arbitrary power of bishops. You would thus secure an independent priesthood, and correspondingly an independent laity. The canon law of the Church distributes among the whole priesthood many of the powers now centred in the American bishops, and so would render impossible the exercise of tyranny by the operation of checks and balances similar to those established in constitutional civil governments. And whereas America concedes full freedom to the Catholic Church, the very least the nation ought to demand is to have the genuine Church, the Church of Bossuet, the Church of the councils, the Church of the canon law. Nor can our bishops reasonably complain on account of such demand. The most they can ask here is to get "a fair field and no favors." We grant them the fair field, but insist that they shall have no favors. Our position is strictly on the defensive. The power now wielded by these bishops would be equally obnoxious if it were centred in so many Baptist deacons or Presbyterian elders. It is not that we love the bishops less, but the country and our liberties more.

If we had in America the discipline of the Church which obtains, for example, in Ireland, the priests could assert themselves in consonance with American ideas. They would then be not obliged to execute perforce the mere dictates of their superiors in station; they would then be not liable to be deprived of their office, and sus-

pended, or ecclesiastically *hanged* (as the word suspended is interpreted in the *Freeman's Journal*), by the mere caprice of bishops. On the contrary, the priests would then hold their parishes for life under the security of law, and be authorized to vote in all diocesan legislation; they would elect their bishops instead of the present arrangement, which is that when a bishop dies, a handful of the others nominate his successor—after the style of a close corporation—regardless of the wishes and preferences of the priests or the people. In short, the priests would be men and citizens under the canon law, instead of being mere tools in the hands of American bishops to promote their ambition.

The substitution of the canon law for arbitrary power is, therefore, exceedingly desirable in behalf of the priests. But it is also exceedingly desirable in behalf of the country. While the priests would derive from the change liberty and manhood, the country would derive from it a large accession of patriotism and national strength, a reconciliation of the Catholic Church with American institutions. I challenge any one to adduce from history a single instance where an independent priesthood were disloyal to their country. Priests have always been among the foremost defenders of patriotism. Even in Italy many of them ranged with the king, on the side of national unity, against the claims of the Pope to the temporal power. In America many priests, now silent for fear of the mitre, only await the opportunity to advocate common schools and all the institutions of the republic. But if they are to be forever held down by repressive tyranny, how can they speak in favor of your educational system, or any other of your institutions which the bishops may now or hereafter oppose? It is therefore the manifest duty of the American people—even by the law of self-preservation—to liberate the 4000 priests, so that they and their flocks may be in harmony with the freedom and the interests of the country.

I am asked, Why don't the priests stand together and revolt? This is to ask why all men are not heroes, and why not throw away for the chances of a vagabond life a living that may be comfortable and apparently honorable on the condition of subserviency. No doubt if they all stood shoulder to shoulder together, they could command terms. But such concerted action needs leaders, and with the scrutinizing thoroughness of Catholic organization, the leaders would soon be detected. Then off would go the head of one, and another, and another. Who would lead again? Why, so far from possible is any movement aiming at simultaneous resistance on the part of priests, that they are afraid to whisper their troubles into the ears of their congregations, or sometimes to one another. The bishops among other things have not neglected to arrange for a little espionage in suspected quarters, understanding well the adage, *Divide et impera*; and so it happens that a pious fool of a layman will betray a priest, thinking that by informing his lordship of malcontentedness he does a service to religion. In the priesthood itself the *esprit de corps* is nearly extinguished by clerical spies, sycophants, place-hunters, who

> "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
> Where thrift may follow fawning."

In civil society, in free states, where men are accustomed to reasonable and lawful obedience, such evils as we suffer from would beget political agitation sufficient to produce redress or rebellion. But in the Church in America, where the masses are trained to implicit, blind obedience, the timid laity dare not imperil their eternal salvation as the consequence in their belief of disputing the authority of "my lord bishop;" while the priests, having no constituency among the laity to rely upon, are generally thankful to be let alone, aware of their helplessness, and sadly conscious that ban and interdict would speedily deprive them of their peace, their honor, and their livelihood. No: the priests can not liberate themselves any better than the helots of Sparta, the slaves of ancient Rome, the serfs of Russia, or the bondmen of the South. They need for that the aid of some strong hand extended to them in friendship from without. It was with this view that I cited Bishop O'Hara before the courts of Pennsylvania, hoping to obtain redress by the law of the land, after all means of redress within the Church had been exhausted. The case is still pending, and I am still confident of ultimate success. If my hopes be realized, the courts of Pennsylvania will do themselves the credit of establishing a precedent to counteract mitred despotism.

But if the strong arm of the civil law should fail us, if America continue indifferent to our wrongs, then, let me ask, what obligation do we priests owe to this country? Clearly no obligation at all. Many of us are exiles in America, who escaped from political tyranny beyond the seas; and now, forsooth, must we submit to worse—ecclesiastical—tyranny here? Duty and right are correlative. If we priests have no rights in America, we scarcely owe any duty to America. As things are, we are obligated to this country by no ties of manhood or gratitude. What does it import to us that you have stars and stripes emblazoned on your flag, if the stars but shine for others and the stripes are reserved for us alone? Afar off, indeed, we heard of the dignity and the glory of American citizenship, and how in the Western hemisphere the sun of liberty equally illumines all. But, alas! we are not permitted to feel the glow of its genial warmth, and the boast *Civis Americanus sum*, though by others proudly uttered, is but an empty, idle phrase coming from our lips.

The saying is attributed to Lafayette, "If ever the liberties of the United States be destroyed, it will be by Romish priests." I deny this; and I offer in place of it the truer saying, If ever the liberties of the United States be destroyed, it will be by Romish bishops. Let the blame rest where it belongs. And if ever the liberties of the United States shall be so destroyed, the priests will be more innocent of the disaster than the American people who permitted these bishops to build up and maintain their overshadowing class power in the very light of a vaunted freedom.

SEA-BATHING:

ITS USE AND ABUSE.

By GHISLANI DURANT, M.D., Ph.D.

III.—PHYSIOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

THE physiological phenomena which arise from sea-bathing may be divided into three classes:

A. Phenomena of immersion, primary or immediate.

B. Phenomena of reaction, secondary or mediate.

C. Consecutive phenomena, or general phenomena.

A. *Phenomena of Immersion.*—Upon entering the water, the first effect noticed is a sensation of cold, which varies according to the susceptibility of the individual and the difference between the temperature of the water and that of the surrounding air. Sometimes the first effect of immersion is so powerful as to produce actual suffering. The skin assumes the peculiar appearance popularly known as goose-skin, the face is pale and anxious, the lips are blue, the pulse decreases in frequency, a sense of oppression is manifest, and sometimes a spasmodic shivering appears. The respiratory functions may be so interfered with as to hinder the free use of speech for a short time. We conclude, then, that the immediate effect of immersion, by cooling the surface of the body, contracts the blood-vessels which ramify there, and prevents the free flow of blood in the periphery, thus augmenting the amount of that fluid in the internal organs, whereby their functional activity is increased.

The primary effect of immersion varies under different circumstances. Age, temperament, the state of the system, whether healthy or suffering from disease, with many other causes, all modify this impression; and in the effect of cold, as it is modified by those causes, lies in a great measure the good or evil effects of sea-bathing.

B. *Phenomena of Reaction.*—Fortunately the phenomena of immersion, of which we have just spoken, though varying with the individual's peculiarities and amount of vital force, are of short duration. They are followed by those of reaction—phenomena quite the reverse. These are characterized by a feeling almost of pleasure, a sensation of warmth at the surface of the body, an accelerated pulse, and an augmentation of muscular and mental energy. Reaction, then, may be defined as the effort which the entire economy makes to overcome the benumbing influence of cold water.

As the phenomena of immersion vary in intensity and duration, so do those of reaction. But what takes place in a few minutes? We see reproduced the same thing we have noticed at the moment of entering the bath. The same shiver manifests itself, sometimes more intense than at first. If the body has been immersed for too long a time in the water—that is to say, until the secondary shiver comes on—the nervous influence may become exhausted in its fruitless attempts to excite the body to an increased calorification. This effect of too long continued immersion is more marked upon the extremities than upon the trunk. It always shows itself by a loss of physical energy, and sometimes it may even produce inflammation of the organs of nutritive life by accumulating the blood in those organs.

C. *Consecutive Phenomena.*—The effects sought to be obtained as part of the final result constitute all those modifications of the human organism which are developed by sea-bathing. The medicinal influence of salt-water is easy to foresee. It does not direct itself to acute diseases, but to chronic states of the system, to debilitated constitutions due to atony or to the influence of former vices. It is on account of its constitutional effects that children and young women, by a continued use of sea-bathing, added to a careful observance of the rules of hygiene, not only change the general condition of their system, but develop a new and better constitution.

If, following M. Gaudet's observations, we examine the effect of immersion according to individual constitutions, we find that some experience scarcely any shock on entering the sea, that they may even remain in it for half an hour or more without any apparent inconvenience, especially if while in the water they continue in motion. They are the vigorous youths or adults whose cutaneous vascular system is well nourished. It is especially true in the case of those who are habituated to cold or shower baths at home, or to river or sea bathing.

Others, on the contrary—and this includes by far the greatest number of bathers—experience at once a quick sensation of cold, accompanied by a sense of constriction or suffocation in the chest or upper part of the abdomen; while some suffer from cold feet, hands, etc. It is in these bathers that the face grows pale, the features contract, and the rush of blood from the surface to the internal organs produces vertigo, palpitation, a sense of internal heat, or a slight spasm of coughing. These effects cease after a short time, and are followed by a pleasurable sensation. With these bathers the time which elapses until the second shivering fit comes on varies from ten to fifteen minutes. They are generally adults in tolerably good health, while those who are enfeebled by a sedentary life, ill health, or are accustomed to hot baths, experience this same shivering in from three to five minutes.

There are some, again, who on entering the sea are so affected by the sensation of cold that they can scarcely refrain from shrieking. The face becomes of a violet tint, the features are very much altered, they shiver violently, and should they experience momentary relief, they feel the shivering spasm return with greater force; they often remain still during their sojourn in the water, and emerge from it shivering and with their teeth chattering. This class includes the nervous, those suffering from gastralgia or from chronic diseases, those growing rapidly, or past adult age.

Cold is tonic in its action, but in order that it shall be so, it is necessary that the intensity of the cold be proportioned to the degree of vitality in the system, since the latter has to undergo, first, a period of concentration marked by a sense of cold which lasts, as we have seen, during the whole immersion, which sensation is in a direct ratio to the time of immersion, and inversely to the amount of vital force possessed by the individual; in other words, if he be very vigorous, the effect will scarcely be noticed; if enfeebled, the contrary will be true. Secondly, a period of reaction, which is due to the energy of the individual, and is the effort the organism makes against any outside influence that tends to disturb it. It is in the contrast afforded by these two periods that the greatest good is to be obtained. If, however, there be not sufficient vital force to overcome the depressing effect of the water, then disorders may be apprehended. It is under such circumstances that death has followed sea-bathing, and that grave affections, before latent, have developed themselves.

If the evil results of sea-bathing under unfavorable conditions be so great, how are we to judge when the conditions are favorable and good results are to follow?

The signs of a good reaction are a warm, moist skin soft to the touch, a full and easy respiration, a regular pulse, a feeling as if perspiration were about to take place, and, finally, a sensation of ease and comfort, predisposing the bather to active exertion.

When we contrast these symptoms with those following an imperfect reaction—the blueness of the lips, the goose-skin, the paleness of the face, the loss of strength, the continued shivering of the body, so that the bather seems unable to get warm, the general anxiety and discomfort—we can not fail to distinguish the cases in which sea-bathing is beneficial from those in which evil results will follow.

Hence it is necessary to understand fully the condition of the individual at the time, if there be strength sufficient to permit the use of the bath, or if there be contra-indications precluding its use.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the appendix to the recent volume of the report of the United States Coast Survey Mr. FERREL presents a revision of his discussion of the tides of Boston Harbor, in which, among other matters, he investigates the effect of winds and barometric pressure on the height of the tides. After comparing the actual observations with the ordinary formula for computing the heights of the tides, certain residuals remain, which may possibly be in part explained as due to the influence of the winds and the barometer. He shows that this influence varies very much in different parts of the world. Thus at Boston a rise of an inch in the barometer is followed by a fall of seven and one-third inches of water. At Brest, however, for the same change in pressure the change in the water is fourteen and one-ninth inches, and at Liverpool eleven and one-tenth inches, while at London it is only seven inches, being even less than the value obtained for Boston. The direct effect of the barometer is probably to a large extent inextricably complicated with the influence of the winds. Mr. FERREL suggests as an explanation that when the barometer is rising we usually have clearing weather on the New England coast, with west or southwest winds, which tend to lower the sea-level; they consequently more than counteract the direct effects of inertia and friction. When the barometer is falling there are usually east winds, or, at least, an absence of west winds, and the sea-level at this time is a little above the mean level. Very strong winds change the sea-level in Boston Harbor a foot or more, ten such cases occurring in the course of one year.

Mr. JOHN EVANS, in the discussion of the alleged circumstances of the occurrence of human remains in deposits indicating the existence of man prior to the glacial period, is of the opinion that the human fibula found in the Victoria Cave, near Settle, England, to which allusion has been made in our columns, is hardly enough to prove such antiquity, as this may possibly have been accidentally redeposited at a later period. Mr. GEIKIE, however, insists that the paleolithic deposits are in no way post-glacial, but are generally of preglacial and interglacial age. Mr. EVANS is of the opinion that, although the evidence so far is not satisfactory, there is no reason why better may not be found, and he thinks that this is to be sought for in a warmer climate and among a more luxuriant vegetation.

The London *Times* contains a letter from the *Challenger*, dated "Zamboango, January 31," in which it is stated that this vessel left Hong-Kong on the 6th, and proceeded to the middle of the China Sea, where, in a series of temperature soundings, that of the bottom, 1200 fathoms, was found to be 36° F. This is explained by the fact that the China Sea, by a barrier rising to the height of from 800 to 900 fathoms below the surface, is cut off from communication with the Antarctic Ocean. Passing along the west coast of Luzon, the *Challenger* entered the Panay Sea, where, at 700 fathoms, the temperature was 51.7°. Passing into the Zebu Sea, the ship touched at the island of Comiguin for the purpose of inspecting an active volcano there. This was formed on May 1, 1871, and now constitutes a cone 1950 feet in height. From Comiguin the ship proceeded on its course west to Zamboango, on leaving which a run of about 2000 miles was to be made nearly parallel with the equator to the north of Greenwich Island, thence through the Caroline and Ladrone islands to Japan, where it was expected to arrive about the second week of April.

The Denver *News* of June 6 announces the arrival there of all the members of Dr. HAYDEN'S parties for geological exploration in Colorado. Seven divisions have been organized, under the direction of Mr. JAMES T. GARDNER, geographer and first assistant of the survey. The first of these is under command of Mr. WILSON, who will survey the southern part of San Luis Valley as far as the head of the Rio Grande River. His southern line is fifteen miles south of the boundary between Colorado and New Mexico. Dr. ENDLICH, the geologist, accompanies this division. The division of Mr. HOLMES extends below the Colorado line westward into Utah, and includes Mr. CHITTENDEN as topographer. The division of Mr. HENRY GANNETT embraces the Uncampagne Valley and the adjacent region, with Dr. PEALE as geologist. Mr. BECHLER'S division covers the mountains southwest of Middle Park, and south and southeast of the South Park. A photographic division under the charge of Mr. JACKSON will continue the work of last year down the San Juan River. A dépôt camp has been established at Los Pinos agency.

Professor DAUBRÉE communicates to the Academy of Science, in Paris, notes upon a certain atmospheric dust which fell in Sweden and Norway in the nights of the 29th and 30th of March, 1875. This was found scattered over the snow, and obtained by melting and evaporating the latter. The first impression on examining the dust was that it had a meteoric origin, representing a condition not unfrequently observed in the atmosphere. Careful investigation, however, finally induced the belief that this was a volcanic phenomenon, the dust being possibly derived from some eruption in Iceland. Professor DAUBRÉE, in remarking upon the great distance to which volcanic and other ashes may be transported, states that a certain dry fog which covered nearly the whole of Europe in 1783 was due to a volcanic eruption in Iceland; and that ashes from the Chicago fire fell on the Azores on the fourth day after that catastrophe. These gave out an empyreumatic odor, which induced the suggestion, at the time, that some great forest on the American Continent must be on fire.

The ninth report of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut, made to the General Assembly at the May session of 1875, has been published by these gentlemen, and contains the usual evidence of their activity and energy in prosecuting the labor intrusted to them. They report a good deal of work in stocking the ponds of the State with black bass, as also in the hatching of shad in the Connecticut River, and their distribution. They are quite satisfied that the measures taken by the State to multiply this last-mentioned fish have been successful, the number caught during the past season having been unusually great, and the price being correspondingly cheap, while, in addition to all this, the average size of the fish has been increased.

They report considerable difficulty in carrying out the laws of the State in reference to the establishment of fish pounds in Long Island Sound, they having been legally enjoined from proceeding against certain delinquents.

They have much to say also of the prospect of success in regard to the introduction of the California salmon from the United States fishery on the M'Cloud River, thinking the fish to be eminently adapted to the waters of their State.

So far as our present information extends, the seal fisheries of the Greenland waters for the present year have proved an almost entire failure, a result eminently vindicating the propriety of the measures that have been lately proposed for international regulations to protect this important interest. There is at present a bill before the British House of Commons which provides that no seals shall be taken between the latitudes 65° and 75° north, and between the longitudes of 5° east and 17° west, before a day to be specified in an order of the Privy Council. The penalty is £500 sterling, recoverable before any court of jurisdiction in the United Kingdom. This bill, however, stipulates that the provisions shall be null and void unless the concurrence of other governments interested is secured, especially those of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Germany.

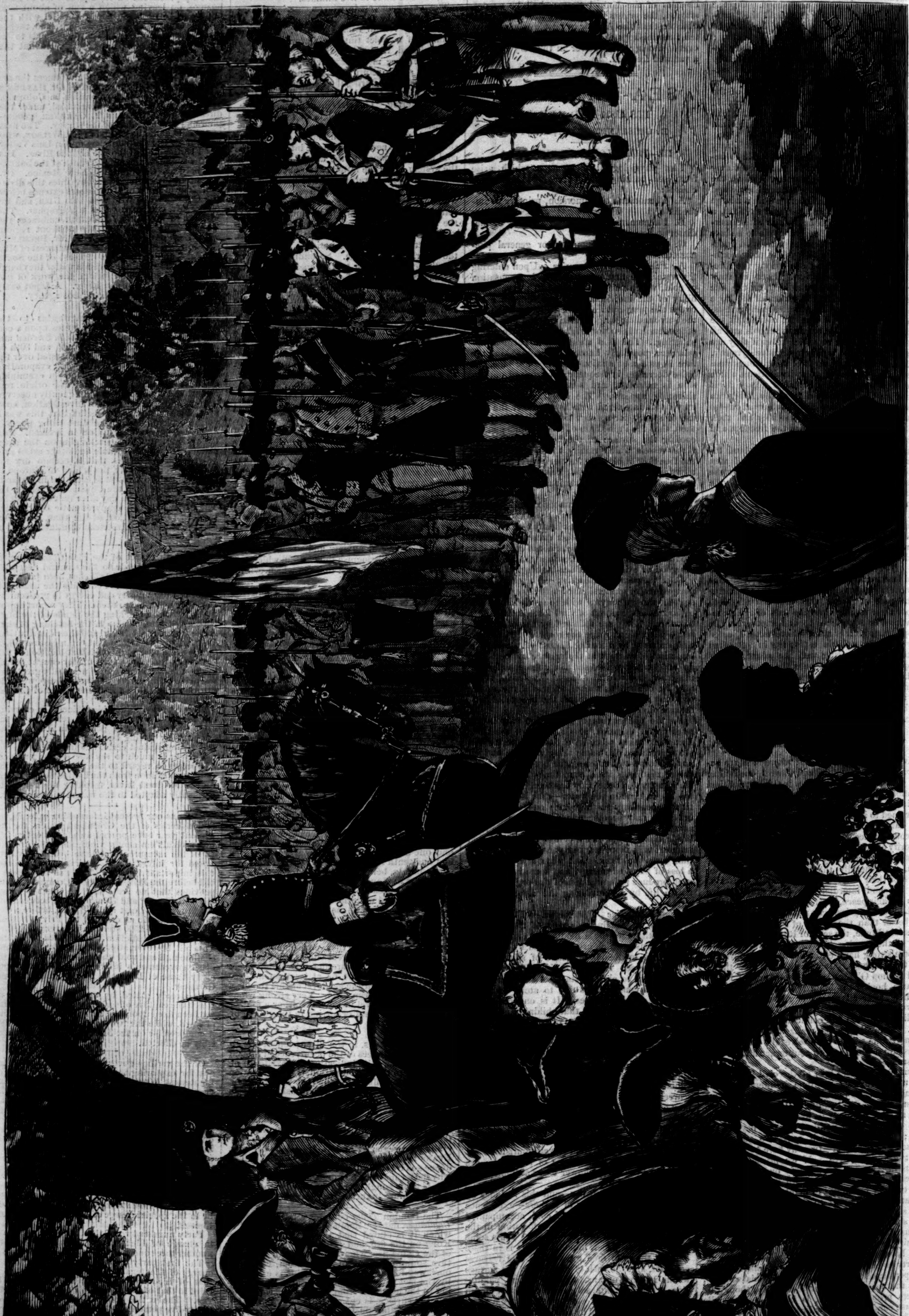
As already stated by us, the exact date at which the capture of seals may be begun has not yet been fixed upon, the English wishing the 5th of April, while the Norwegians propose the 1st. A compromise on the 3d of the month may possibly be effected.

Of the various government expeditions fitted out for exploring the Western regions, that of Lieutenant WHEELER is now in the field, and very thoroughly organized and equipped. This is divided into two sections, that of California and of Colorado, each consisting of three parties, and capable of further subdivision.

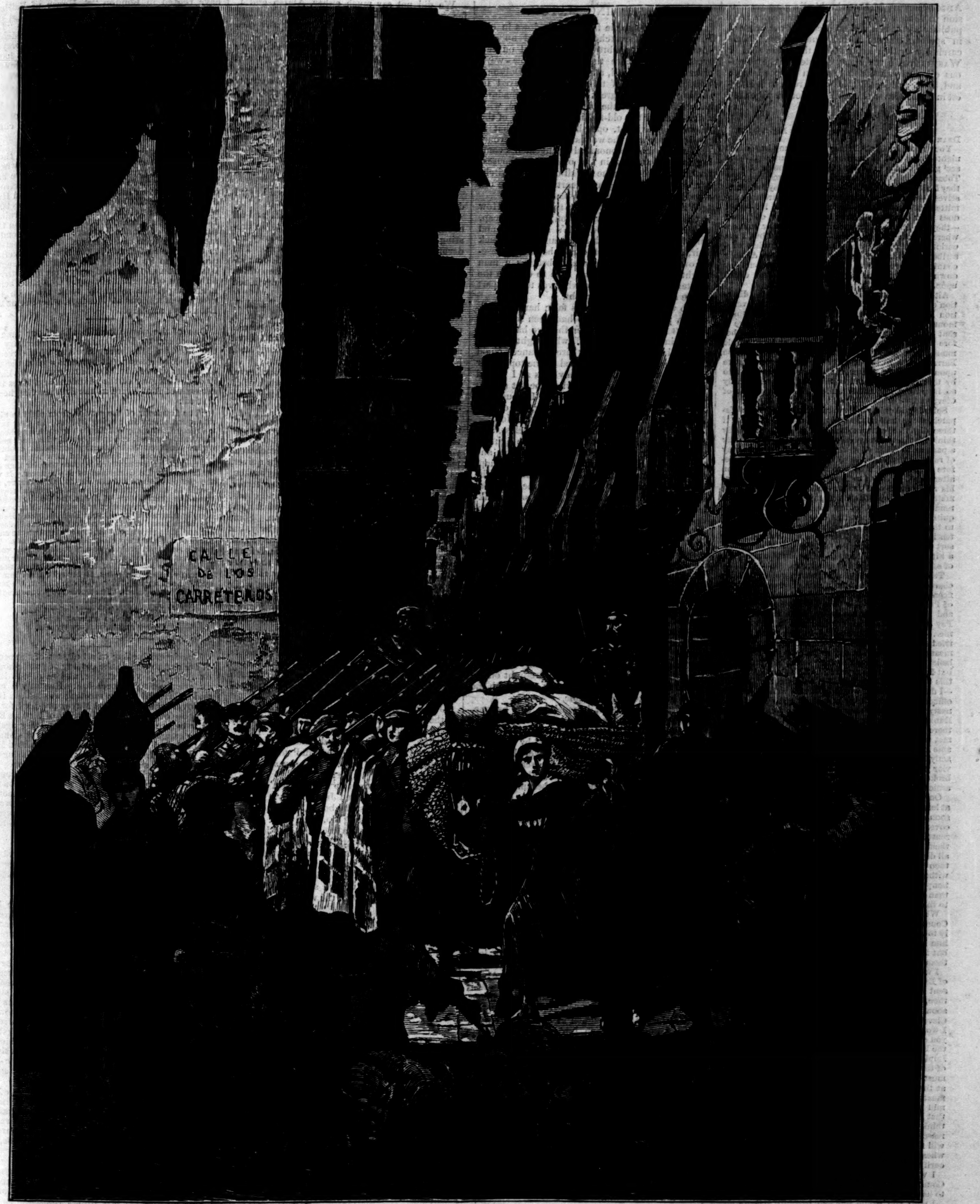
The California party will be occupied largely on the coast region of the southern part of the State, where very thorough explorations will probably be made in ethnology and natural history. Mr. JULES MARCOU accompanies this party as geologist, assisted by Dr. OSCAR LOEW. Dr. ROTHROCK is medical officer and botanist, Dr. YARROW medical officer and zoologist, and Mr. H. W. HENSHAW collector. The whole will be in the special charge of Lieutenant WHEELER himself.

Party number two of the California section is in charge of Lieutenant ROGERS BIRNIE, and number three under Lieutenant ERIC BERGLAND.

The first party of the Colorado section is in charge of Lieutenant MARSHALL, the second in that of Lieutenant C. C. MORRISON, and the third in that of Lieutenant WILLIAM L. CARPENTER. The entire expedition will consist of eighty-five persons. Most of the scientific corps of the survey this season will be in the California division. Lieutenant CARPENTER, however, in charge of one of the Colorado parties, will devote himself especially, as in previous years, to the collection of specimens of natural history.



WASHINGTON AT CAMBRIDGE—TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 561.]



STREET SCENE IN ESTELLA.

STREET SCENE IN ESTELLA.

THE above engraving represents a view in one of the narrow streets of the picturesque old Spanish town of Estella, situated in the centre of the district occupied by the Carlist forces. The scene is very characteristic. All day the street is filled with bands of soldiers, old women, children, priests, etc., so that it is difficult to pass, and rapid locomotion is impossible; but as your true Spaniard is never in a hurry, this is not felt as an inconvenience. On the right of the picture is a mule laden with guns from an adjacent factory. Another mule carries a heavy load of flour sacks. The small donkey driven by an old woman brings provisions from the country. All have to make way for the soldiers.

Estella lies in the province of Navarre, on the left bank of the Ega, in a beautiful valley. The slopes of the surrounding hills are planted with vines, olives, and fruit trees of various kinds. Some of the streets are fine and broad for a Spanish town. There are several spacious squares, a number of churches, and many public institutions, including a college and an academy of music. The population is about 6000. There are manufactories of woolen, linen, and silk goods, and an active trade is carried on in oil, wine, brandy, earthenware, and leather. Estella has a revolutionary record. There Don CARLOS, the first pretender of this name, was proclaimed king in 1833, and his head-quarters were for a long time in that vicinity. On his flight from the country in 1839, a number of his officers were summarily executed at Estella. The town has changed hands several times during the present struggle, sometimes being held by the government troops and sometimes by the Carlists.

WASHINGTON AT CAMBRIDGE.

ON the morning of the 3d of July, 1775, the troops at Cambridge, Massachusetts, were drawn up in order upon the Common to receive the newly elected commander-in-chief. Accompanied by the general officers of the army who were present, WASHINGTON rode on horseback from his quarters to the great elm-tree that now stands at the north end of the Common, and under the shadow of its broad branches drew his sword and took command of the Continental Army.

WASHINGTON found affairs in a deplorable condition. The army was composed of a mixed multitude of men of every sort, from the honest, high-minded, patriotic citizen to the knave and criminal. There was little discipline. Drunkenness, theft, peculation, falsehood, and disobedience were prevalent, and WASHINGTON's first duty was to introduce a stern system of reform. The following copy of an autograph letter from WASHINGTON to his nephew, LUND WASHINGTON, superintendent of the Mount Vernon property, will show how the commander-in-chief felt in regard to the position of affairs. The original of this letter is a part of the large and valuable collection belonging to THOMAS

ADDIS EMMET, M.D., who kindly gave permission to take a copy. It has never before been published. It is a verbatim copy of the original in spelling, grammar, and punctuation. This carelessly written letter shows the home side of WASHINGTON's character, divested of the pompous dignity with which tradition invested him; and, by way of contrast, it will be read with interest in connection with our illustration on page 560.

THE LETTER.

CAMP AT CAMBRIDGE Augt 20th 1775.

DEAR LUND,

Your letter by Captn Prince came to my hands last night—I was glad to learn by it that all are well.—the acc^{t} given of the behavior of the Scotchmen at Port Tobacco & Piscataway surprizd & vexed me—why did they Imbark in the cause?—what do they say for themselves?—what does others say of them?—are they admitted into company?—or kicked out of it?—what does their countrymen urge in justification of them?—they are fertile in invention, and will offer excuses where excuse can be made.—I cannot say but I am curious to learn the reasons why men, who has subscribed, & bound themselves to each other, & their country, to stand forth in defence of it, should lay down their arms the first moment they were called upon.

Although I never hear of the mill, under the direction of Simpson, without a degree of warmth & vexation at his extreme stupidity, yet, if you can spare money from other Purposes, I could wish to have it sent to him, that it may, if possible, be set a going before the works get ruined & spoilt, and my whole money perhaps totally lost.—If I am really to lose Barran's debt to me, it will be a pretty severe stroke upon the back of Adams, & the expence I am led into by that confounded fellow Simpson, and necessarily so in puting my Lands under the management of Cleveland.—

Spinning should go forward with all possible dispatch, as we shall have nothing else to depend upon if these disputes continue another year—I can hardly think that Lord Dunmore can act so low, & unmanly a part, as to think of siezing Mrs Washington by way of revenge upon me; however as I suppose she is, before this time gone over to Mr Calverts, & will soon after retn^{g}, go down to New Kent, she will be out of his reach for 2 or 3 months to come, in which time matters may, & probably will, take such a turn as to render her removal either absolutely necessary, or quite useless—I am nevertheless exceedingly thankful to the Gentlemen of Alexandria for their friendly attention to this point & desire you will if there is any sort of reason to suspect a thing of this kind provide a kitchen for her in Alexandria, or some other place of safety elsewhere for her and my Papers—

The People of this Government have obtained a character which they by no means deserved—their officers generally speaking are the most indifferent kind of People I ever saw.—I have already broke one col. and five captains for cowardice, & for drawing more Pay & Provisions than they had men in their companies.—there is two more col^{s} now under arrest, & to be tried for the same offences—in short they are by no means such Troops, in any respect, as you are led to believe of them from the acc^{ts} which are published, but I need not make myself Enemies among them, by this declaration, although it is consistent with truth.—I dare say the men would fight very well (if properly officered) although they are an exceedingly dirty & nasty people.—had they been properly conducted at Bunkers Hill (on the 17th of June) or those that were there properly supported, the Regulars would have met with a shameful defeat, & a much more considerable loss than they did, which is now known to be exactly 1057. Killed & Wounded.—it was for their behavior on that occasion that the above Officers were broke, for I never spared one that was accused of cowardice but bro^{t} 'em to immediate Tryal.

Our Lines of Defence are now completed as near so at least as can be—we now wish them to come out, as soon as they please, but they (that is the enemy) discover no Inclination to quit their own Works of Defense, & as it is almost impossible for us to get to them, we do nothing but watch each other's motions all day at the distance of about a mile; every now and then picking of a stragler where we can catch them without their Intrenchments; in return they often attempt to Cannonade our Lines to no other purpose than the waste of a considerable quantity of Powder to themselves which we should be very glad to get.—

What does Doct^{r} Craik say to the behavior of his Countrymen, and Townspeople?—remember me kindly to him & tell him that I should be very glad to see him here if there was anything worth his acceptance; but the Massachusetts People suffer nothing to go by them that they can lay hands upon.—

I wish the money could be had from Hill & the Bills of Exchange (except Col^{o} Fairfax's, which ought to be sent to him immediately) turnd into cash; you might then, I should think, be able to furnish Simpson with about £300, but you are to recollect that I have got Cleveland & the hired People with him to pay also.—I would not have you buy a single bushel of wheat till you can see with some kind of certainty what Market the Flour is to go to—& if you cannot find sufficient Imployment in repairing the mill works, & other things of this kind for Mr. Roberts and Thomas Alford, they must be closely Imployed in Making Cask or working at the Carpenters or other business otherwise they must be discharged, for it is not reasonable, as all mill business will probably be at an end for a while, that I am to pay them £100 a year to be Idle.—I should think Roberts himself must see, & be sensible of the reasonableness of this request, as I believe few Millers will find employment if our Ports are shut up, & the wheat kept in the Straw, or otherwise for greater security.

I will write to Mr Milnor to forward you a good Country Boulting Cloth for Simpson which endeavor to have contrived to him by the first safe conveyance.—I wish you would quicken Lasphire & Sears about the Dining Room Chimney Piece (to be executed as mentioned in one of my last letters) as I could wish to have that end of the House completely finished before I return.—I wish you had done the end of the new Kitchen next the Garden as also the old Kitchen with rusticated Boards; however, as it is not, I would have the corners done so in the manner of our new church (those two especially which Fronts the quarter—What have you done with the Well?—Is that walled up?—have you any acc^{t} of the Painter?—how does he behave at Fredericksburg?—

I much approve of your sowing Wheat in clear ground, although you should be late in doing it, & if for no other purpose than a tryal—It is a growing I find, as well as a new practice, that of Overseers keeping Horses, & for what purpose, unless it be to make fat Horses at my expence, I know not, as it is no saving of my own Horses—I do not like the custom & wish you would break it—but do as you wish, as I cannot pretend to interfere at this distance.

Remember me kindly to all the Neighbours who enquire after

Y^{r} Affect^{e} friend & Servt
(Sgd) G^{o} WASHINGTON.

A SPELLING MATCH.

THE fire-light made fantastic shadows in old Farmer Dobson's kitchen; it flickered up and down on the huge brown rafters, and on the great dresser where the quaint willow-ware dishes were arranged, and where Mrs. Dobson's wonderful wealth of tin-ware was arrayed in shining ranks. A great far-cornered, shadow-haunted kitchen of the old-fashioned type, with a fire-place of the old-fashioned type, one of the generous, provident, open-hearted kind that is passing away with the woods it helped to devour.

We have more economical arrangements coming in fashion, even in the old country-houses, now, but there are none so full of evening witchery, so care-beguiling and heartsome, as the old wood fire.

What elfish pranks it played that night! How it reddened old Farmer Dobson's smoking-cap, and shone on his good wife's spectacles, and tinted Job's high cheek-bones and sleek black hair, as he sat in the off corner bending obtusely over his book, utterly absorbed, as a man might be who had so little time to explore the mysteries of Webster, and who was to take part in the spelling match to-night.

Job was Farmer Dobson's farm hand—a tall, strong, patient fellow, who had been so quietly the butt of us all this winter that we had got to using him like a big mastiff, who might be dangerous, but under ordinary circumstances could be safely teased and tormented to the top of our bent. A mist gathered in my eyes as I looked across the great kitchen to where he sat unconscious, plodding away at his task. I thought of our glib and easily acquired learning, and of poor Job's hard struggle for life, and I pitied Job.

Yes, I pitied him; but yet, nevertheless, as I saw him stooping so profoundly by the light of that witching fire, heedless of the shadow and shine of the room, an imp of mischief—perhaps one of the pranksome elves gesticulating in the chimney-corner—got possession of me. I arose softly, and gliding over to where he sat, sprinkled the absorbed student with a shower of eau-de-Cologne, and putting the vial quickly in my pocket, walked demurely back to my seat. The start Job gave, and the flush on his face as he returned to his book, were comical. That Cologne was Abijah Plummer's present, and I shouldn't have wasted it, perhaps, and perhaps Job didn't like Cologne. He shut the book presently, and sat with his shoulders stooped and his head drooping, looking into the fire.

Well, as I have said, we were to have a spelling match that night, not our first one by any means; but the old folks had put their heads together to give us a prize this time, a beautiful set of gold-and-blue poets, six dainty little volumes that stood gleaming in the fire-light on the round table, in the place of honor along with the great gilt-edged family Bible.

The young people dropped in one by one, shaking off the snow as they came in, for there had been a light snow-fall that evening, which made us all the merrier. By-and-by the great kitchen was filled up, the candles were lit, Farmer Dobson laid aside his pipe, the school-master straightened his neck-tie, and grabbed the big Webster before him, and we all became properly impressed with the importance of the occasion, though there was a general nudging of elbows and a sly grimace as big, shy Job joined the class. But Job was used to our merry-making, and took no notice of it.

Round and round went the spelling—big words and little words, words with treachrous *e*'s and *a*'s lying in wait in unexpected places, and words without *s*'s, and words with odd *h*'s, and all the deceitful dictionary dreadfulness that lies in wait to trip up the unwary. And one after another our champions were spelled down, and Job actually stood his ground against half a dozen well-schooled fellows. All his face was kindled with eagerness, and the dull and plodding look habitual to him had disappeared. The spelling was waking him up. But there sat Abijah Plummer, who didn't join in the match—Abijah Plummer, the well-to-do beau of the village, who had no need, mayhap, of book-learning. There he sat and laughed at Job's excitement. I saw an uneasy light in Job's eyes, as if he were being severely tried. The spelling match was kindling him to the centre, it seemed.

A few more words were yet on the list, and there lay the beautiful books smiling and shining on us.

"Beautiful!" gave out the school-master; and Abijah laughed as Job got up to spell it. Job looked at Abijah, and began, "B-e-u—" and there was a general scream of laughter.

"Darn it!" caid Job between his teeth; "what can a fellow do with a fool like that grinning at him?" The mastiff was shaking himself up, and I trembled for Abijah.

"Order!" said the school-master, and gave out the word again.

It was my turn. I don't know, as I say, what imp possessed me this evening, but I stood up and spelled the word with a vim, just as if I didn't care one jot for Job's defeat, and before I knew it the blue-and-gold prize was put into my hands. Then I looked at Job, and could have cried.

But every one was merry, and all were talking and chatting and laughing as we broke up and said good-night. I wanted to speak to Job, but there stood Abijah in the doorway with my shawl in his hands, waiting to see me home, and I only nodded to Job as he stood at the gate with his lantern to show us the path. One after another the merry party disappeared down the snowy road and the winding lanes. Abijah and I were the last.

"I'll see you down to the creek," said Job, humbly; "it's a rough road to-night." And without another word he stalked on ahead, his lantern gleaming after him.

We did not say much either, Abijah and I, for we were floundering through the soft, thick-falling snow, and somehow it seemed awkward to be walking in Job's lantern-light.

Presently we came down to the creek, where every angle of rock and every elbow of gnarled tree was flecked softly with snow, and the creek, which I had crossed a day or two before on my visit to Farmer Dobson's, ran below, gray and far, an unfamiliar stream, with downy, treacherous banks shutting it in—a strange white fantasy. Over it two stout planks, crossing a few inches apart, served as a bridge. They were rounded and slippery-looking to-night, and one of them had a slight warp, as if weather-strained.

Abijah stood a moment on the bank surveying it.

"It's dangerous crossing that," he said. "I declare, Jennie, I don't like the look of it."

The night was gray and soft and still, and all about us fell the snow, which seemed to be creating itself out of the feathered and shadowy underbrush and the white quiet atmosphere. The scene was so strange and weird that I felt a moment's hesitation; the next instant the imp which had possessed me all the evening set my blood dancing with mischief.

"I promised to be home to-night," said I, eluding Abijah's detaining hand; and with a mocking, dancing step I skipped upon the plank.

Abijah stood still on the margin and looked at me. Job stood still also one moment, and, holding up his lantern, looked at Abijah.

Then he said, sarcastically, "By your leave, Mr. Plummer; this is a bridge for two, and if you've no mind to be getting over, I'll step along myself."

And it was Job's hand that, touching me timidly, steadied my fool-hardy steps, and Job's lantern that flickered over the phantom banks beyond and the deep creek below that treacherous plank. Half-way across I felt a strange quiver, as if the heart of the thing were being broken, and my own heart leaped up with sudden terror, a despairing cry, a whirl of darkness and chaos, and I felt the bridge totter and crash, and thought I was being swept away into annihilation. Some strong arm grasped me then, not tenderly, but with a clutch that roused every faculty, and, trembling, conscious, struggling for life, I found myself clinging to the slippery edge of the other plank, with Job holding me fast by my raiment, as we hung for a moment in peril together, while the lantern floated away below in the débris.

Job speedily regained some sort of footing, and slipping, sliding, by slow and painful effort we reached the other side.

I believe I laughed then when I came to myself, shook out my snow-encumbered garments, and looking down, saw Job's faithless lantern gleaming like a fitful fire-fly away out of reach, and felt sure that Abijah Plummer was still watching on the other side.

Job stretched out over the brink, looked down at the useless lantern, and shook his fist, perhaps at the invisible Abijah.

"Job, oh, Job," I said, taking his hand, "I'm sorry I spelled 'beautiful' to-night." I did not laugh now. I was full of a strange excitement.

"Who had a right to spell such a word but you, Jennie?" answered Job, gravely.

"But I—I've lost the books, Job."

"I've lost something too," said Job.

We stood still for a moment and looked at each other. And there was that in Job's face which never shone but once in any human face, and which all men and all women know when they see it.

Then Job roused up and said, lightly, "Will you get along the rest of the way without Abijah Plummer?"

"All the rest of my life," I replied.

Since then Job has often said to me, softly, as we sat in the twilight, "They can't say I didn't win a prize at the spelling match."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday, 11.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 18.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 25.—St. James; Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 1.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 8.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 15.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 22.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 29.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE Conference at Brighton, conducted by Mr. R. PEARSALL SMITH, has had one excellent effect—it has made the English people better acquainted with the evangelical pastors of the Continent. Of these nearly two hundred were present, mostly from Germany, Switzerland, and France. Mr. THEODORE MONOD, who speaks English well, excited great interest by his terse and epigrammatic style of address. On one of the last days of the Conference a breakfast was given to the foreign pastors, at which thanks were returned in nearly a dozen languages for courtesies received.

As to the Conference itself, it was as remarkable for the enormous number of meetings as for the crowds drawn together. Twenty or more services were held on secular days, and on the second Sunday the people attended from seven o'clock in the morning till ten at night. Other conventions of a like kind are announced. One is to be held at Keswick from June 29 to July 1, another at Nottingham from July 13 to 17, another at Leeds from July 24 to August 2, besides a gathering at Broadlands, the seat of the Hon. COWPER-TEMPLE.

The "Peculiar People," who profess to rely on prayer alone for the healing of the sick, and refuse, therefore, the use of medical remedies, have rented in London "A House of Faith," which they will use as a hospital. A sign on the outside announces that the house is "for the reception of such sick as are considered hopeless incurable, to be healed by the prayer of faith." Several members of this sect have already been before magistrates for neglecting to give proper medical attention in cases of disease.

The new Presbyterian Church of Canada, formed by the recent union, will consist of 634 ministers, 1119 congregations, and 90,653 communicants.

Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY have closed their meetings in the West End of London, where they have had great audiences. They have had the least success in the East End of the metropolis, though their last Sunday at Bow Road Hall drew together 30,000 persons. As many as 9000 were present at eight o'clock Sunday morning. Early in June Mr. MOODY began services on the south side of London, where he will spend a month, and then return home. A conversation in the House of Lords in relation to a meeting proposed to be held by the American evangelists at Eton shows how deeply they have stirred all classes of English society. Objection being made, a private assembly took place on the grounds of a friend at Windsor, where some 200 Eton boys attended.

One of the pleasantest books of our time is the account by Dr. MULLENS, the Secretary of the London Missionary Society, of his recent visit to Madagascar. It presents a vivid picture of Malagasy worship. Dr. MULLENS speaks highly of the singing of the islanders, and gives this account of it as heard at the first meeting he attended:

"The first hour of the service, from eight to nine, was spent chiefly in singing hymns. In their tunes we recognized many old English friends, lengthened, shortened, twisted, and interpolated with grace notes, which rendered their identity somewhat doubtful. 'Vesper' was one of these. And now we heard for the first time a hymn which is more popular than any other among the Christians of Madagascar. It was the composition of the late Rev. R. G. HARTLEY, and dwells in happy terms and in most musical rhythm upon the great theme of Jesus, the Good Shepherd. The measure is anapestic; and when Mr. RICHARDSON happily married it to a lively English tune, 'Hail to the brightness,' etc., it so perfectly hit the Malagasy ear and Malagasy taste that it went through the entire range of the Malagasy churches in a few weeks. The people sing with great taste and feeling; their voices are sweet and clear, and the whole tone of their music is so plaintive and full of tenderness that on this, as on many other occasions, it brought tears into my eyes. Even an English reader can discern the music of the following lines. The words are pronounced like Italian:

"'Jéso mpamónjy, mpiándry tokóa,
Ampiveréno hanárak 'Anáo.
Ondry mania, manáry ny sóa,
'Aza avéla hiál 'amináo.'"

The determination of all classes of the people of Ireland to secure the closing of public-houses on Sunday is very strong, and manifests itself on every suitable occasion. Recently a large and influential public meeting was held in Dublin, over which the Lord Mayor presided, for the purpose of supporting the "Sale of Liquors Bill" now before Parliament, and protesting against any change in it by which large towns should be excluded from its operation. The Lord Mayor in his address said that "Sunday closing had received the support of judges, magistrates—indeed, of all who had an interest in the progress of the country." In answer to the objection that a Sunday-closing law would oppress the poor, he said that it had been his good fortune to preside at meetings where nine-tenths of those present were from the working classes, and they cordially supported the movement.

The English Court of Arches has ordered that the sentence of suspension pronounced upon the Rev. Mr. MACKONOCHIE for ritualistic practices shall be personally served and enforced.

The religious disturbances in Belgium have become so serious that a government circular has been addressed to the public prosecutors directing them to use all diligence to prevent the guilty from evading the vigilance of the authorities. Their attention is also called to exasperating articles in the newspapers. The special correspondent of the London *Times* reports that the tone of the press on each side is so violent as to justify the supposition of a strong desire for collision. Great excitement has been aroused by the appearance in an ultramontane journal of an article entitled "Belgium is rotten—Belgium is corrupt," and declaring that the country can only be cured by "a bath of blood." On the other hand, violent liberal journals express a desire for the extermination of the Jesuits. The outbreaks of disorder are incessant.

At a meeting of pastors and laymen of this city held Monday, June 21, a cordial invitation was extended to Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY to visit New York. A general committee was appointed to take the necessary steps for carrying out the objects intended in the invitation, if it should be accepted.

The trouble in getting people decently buried in England grows worse continually. Recently at Stamford a man of thirty-five years of age died who in his last illness refused, "on conscientious grounds," to be baptized by the vicar of the parish. His friends were informed that the Church of England service could not be read at the funeral. A Non-conformist minister conducted religious worship on the highway in presence of the remains and the funeral company. When the procession reached the grave-yard gate, all were excluded except the bearers and the mourners. The gate-keeper declared that he acted under orders. Among the excluded persons was a town-councilor.

The opposition in Bavaria to the Old Catholics is declining. In his recent ecclesiastical appointments the King has shown a disposition to choose liberal candidates. For the vacant dioceses of Bamberg and Passau he has taken priests who are notoriously not ultramontanes.

The Annual Conference of the Primitive Methodists of England was opened in Leicester June 2. There were reported 169,716 members, an increase for the year of 5022; and 3913 chapels, an

increase of 87. This religious body has several marked peculiarities: one is that it employs as many as 14,896 lay preachers, chiefly among the poor; another is that its Conference consists, to the extent of two-thirds of the entire number, of laymen.

A deputation of the United Greeks of Russia, who have recently gone over from the Roman Catholic to the Greek Church, has visited St. Petersburg. It met with a very cordial reception from the Emperor.

The case of WARNER *v.* the Brighton Aquarium Company was decided on June 11 in favor of the plaintiff. It involved the opening of places of amusement on Sunday where an admittance fee was paid. The Aquarium Company had dispensed with music and newspapers, but the judges held that they were still liable under the law.

The Baptists of Massachusetts will raise $350,000 for Centenary purposes. Of this sum $100,000 will be appropriated to Newton Theological Institution, $60,000 to Worcester Academy, $50,000 to Brown University, $50,000 to Colby University, $50,000 to the Missionary Union, to be used in promoting education, and $40,000 to the Baptist Home Missionary Society.

There are in the cities of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo sixteen Protestant preaching places. In twelve of these the English language, and in four the Spanish, is used. Only one of the Protestant Churches, the Methodist Episcopal of the United States, devotes itself to the evangelization of the natives. Over 50,000 copies of the Bible in Spanish have been distributed in this part of South America of late years.

The Public Worship Regulation Act went into operation in England on the 1st of July. It will make an epoch in the history of the state Church, and its effects will be watched with great interest.

A correspondent of the *Non-Conformist* (London) furnishes to that paper an authentic copy of the cardinal's oath, as furnished to Lord PALMERSTON in 1850 by the British minister at Turin. The following passage from it will fully explain its scope and spirit:

"I, —— ——, cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, do promise and swear that, from this time to my life's end, I will be faithful and obedient unto St. PETER, the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, and our most Holy Lord the Pope, and his successors, canonically and lawfully elected; that I will give no advice, consent, or assistance against the Pontifical Majesty and person; that I will never knowingly or advisedly, to their injury or disgrace, make public the counsels intrusted to me by themselves, or by messengers or letters (from them); also, that I will give them any assistance in retaining, defending, and recovering the Roman Papacy and the regalia of PETER with all my might and endeavor, so far as the rights and privileges of my order will allow it, and will defend against all their honor and state; that I will direct and defend, with due form and honor, the legates and nuncios of the Apostolic See in the territories, churches, monasteries, and other benefices committed to my keeping; that I will cordially co-operate with them, and treat them with honor in their coming, abiding, and returning, and that I will resist unto blood all persons whatsoever who shall attempt any thing against them; that I will by every way and by every means strive to preserve, augment, and advance the rights, honors, privileges, the authority of the Holy Roman Bishop our Lord the Pope and his before-mentioned successors; and that at whatever time any thing shall be decided to their prejudice, which it is out of my power to hinder, as soon as I shall know that any steps or measures have been taken (in the matter), I will make it known to the same our Lord, or his before-mentioned successors, or to some other person by whose means it may be brought to their knowledge. That I will keep and carry out, and cause others to keep and carry out, the rules of the Holy Father, the decrees, ordinances, dispensations, reservations, provisions, apostolic mandates, and constitutions of the Holy Pontiff Sixtus of happy memory, as to visiting the thresholds of the apostles at certain prescribed times, according to the tenor of that which I have just read through. That I will seek out and oppose, persecute and fight against [Latin—*omni conatu persecuturum et impugnaturum*] heretics, schismatics, against the same our Lord the Pope and his before-mentioned successors, with every possible effort."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A RAGGED little urchin came to a lady's door, asking for old clothes. She brought him a vest and a pair of trowsers, which she thought would be a comfortable fit. The young scape-grace took the garments and examined each; then, with a disconsolate look, said, "There ain't no watch-pocket."

Prosperity has its "sweet uses" as well as adversity, for no sooner does a man come into a little property than he instantly learns the number of his friends; whereas, if he remained poor, the chances are that he would have died in perfect ignorance of the fact.

"I think I have seen you before, Sir. Are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' every body."

When is coffee like the earth?—When it is ground.

What is the difference between spermaceti and a school-boy's howl?—One is the wax produced by the whale, and the other is the wail produced by the whacks.

Dr. Johnson once dined with a Scottish lady who had hotch-potch for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it she asked him if it was good. "It is good for hogs, ma'am," said the doctor. "Then pray," said the lady, "let me help you to some more."

Curious answers often come out in examination for the civil service. The word "inheritance" occurring in a page of reading, the examiner interrogated the youngster: "What is inheritance?" "Patrimony." "What is patrimony?" "Something left by a father." "What would you call it if left by a mother?" "Matrimony."

"For want of water I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution. It was the complaint of an Italian vineyard man, after a long drought and an extremely hot summer that had parched up all his grapes.

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth.

A Scotch laird, dying, divided his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live very amicably together for many years. At length one said to the other, "Tam, we're getting auld now; you'll tak' a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share of the grund." "Na, John, you're the youngest and maist active; you'll tak' a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share." "Od," says John, "Tam, that's just the way wi' you when there's ony fash or trouble, the de'il a thing you'll do at a'."

An inquisitive lady recently visiting Sing Sing asked one of the attendants why the prisoners received such coarse fare. He told her it was to keep their blood from becoming impure; and when she asked him what they would do if their blood was impure, he dryly responded, "Break out."

A California hunter who went ten miles to where game was plenty, and then found that he had brought a box of pills instead of percussion-caps, returned home in disgust.

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not," was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your writing?" "Yes, Sir, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?" "Well, I do, old head." "You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Y-e-s, Sir." "Now how do you know?" "'Cause I can't write."

HUGH MELTON:

A Story.

BY KATHARINE KING,

AUTHOR OF "OUR DETACHMENT," "THE QUEEN OF THE REGIMENT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CHUMS.

"COME, Melton, lay down your block, and let us have a little chat; I'm sick of whipping the water, as I've been doing the whole morning without success. What do you think of our new quarters?" I was just winding up my line while speaking; for, as I said, I had been fishing the whole morning without success, and had now returned to the place where I had left Melton sketching a few hours before.

We belonged to the detachment that had just been quartered at M——, a pretty town in one of the midland counties; and I being infatuated about fishing, while my companion was equally so about sketching, we had gone out on an excursion, combining the two objects to our mutual gratification.

It was a lovely day in June; the little river by which we were sitting came tumbling down from a line of hills that rose blue before us in the sunny distance, and the trees in their young bright green dipped their branches into the dark foam-flecked water that had not yet calmed into its ordinarily quiet flow, after falling over a splendid mass of rocks that rose in rugged grandeur a little way above.

It was this fall Melton had been sketching, and as I now looked over his shoulder I could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise and delight. The fall, with its mixture of graceful beauty and wild majesty, was charmingly rendered by his clever hand; the little flecks of light on the foaming waters, the gleam that danced on the top of a small birch-tree that clung to an overhanging rock in the middle of the torrent, the white upturned surface of the leaves tossed sideways by the gentle breeze, were all given; and there in the still pool at the side you could see the wavering outline of the stones as the water rippled over them. In the foreground, too, Melton was just putting in, by a few masterly touches, your humble servant, as he appeared winding up his line with an intensely disappointed face that sunny June morning.

"There, I have just finished," he said, answering my appeal, and putting away his block, washing out his brushes, and otherwise making himself ready for a quiet chat; for it was a curious thing about Melton, that whenever he could get a pencil or a brush, he could not refrain from using it, and if he began to use it he soon got so absorbed as not to be able to attend to any thing else. Therefore he now put brushes and pencils away, so as to enable him to devote his whole attention to the little chat I had desired.

"What do I think of our quarters, you asked me," he went on. "I like them; the town is clean and neat, the barracks are comfortable, and, above all, the scenery is very pretty. I shall luxuriate in sketching while we remain here."

"Yes," I answered, rather pettishly, "that's all you think about; but the fishing is beastly, at least as far as I have seen to-day; and the hunting season is such a long way off that there is no comfort in looking forward to it; while I haven't a chance of getting off after the grouse this year to while away the intermediate time."

"My dear fellow, I really am sorry for your want of success this morning, and I dare say you'll do better next time; and if you'd take my advice, you'd try again after lunch with a lighter fly. Stay, you have a few feathers with you; pass them over here, and I'll tie you one I think will do."

I did as he told me, and feeling sorry for having spoken so crossly to him, I watched his nimble fingers as he proceeded to dress a very artistic-looking fly.

"Now," said he, as he finished, "try that in the dark pool over there, and I think it will rise something before long; but first let us take our lunch now we are together."

We lay down in the shade, feeling very lazy and luxurious; and while we are discussing the sandwiches of which our lunch consisted, let me tell you who Hugh Melton was, and also a little of his history, besides describing his personal appearance for the benefit of my lady friends.

First, then, his appearance, which I hope may not disappoint you, though I do not know that he was so much handsome as distinguished-looking. He was unmistakably a gentleman, and, by-the-way, it is not every one even among those who really can lay claim to the title that looks so nowadays: tall and well knit, with good hands and feet, and a face that I never thought of calling handsome, though I always admired it more than any other I had ever seen. Imagine a square broad brow surmounted by wavy light hair, from under which looked out dark hazel eyes, usually soft and caressing in expression, though I have seen them flash with the light of hate and defiance.

For the rest, his nose could lay claim to no particular type, and his long fair mustache hid a mouth from which gleamed a very perfect row of teeth. There was great determination and inflexible will in the straight eyebrows and square-cut jaw, and one could imagine that his mind once made up on any subject, he would not easily be induced to change it. Altogether, his would not have been the pleasant face it was but for the rare softness and sweetness of the dark eyes, that seemed to caress one with a look, and that always made me wonder how our colonel could have the heart to be down on him when those grave gentle eyes met his. As to his story, it was sad enough as I then knew it, namely, that he was the only son of very poor parents; in fact, his mother's had been a runaway match, and her relatives, wealthy people, totally refused to have any thing to say to her as long as her husband lived; yet for that matter they might well have been proud of the connection, as he was, though poor, of old and noble family. He died, however, when Hugh was about fourteen, and then one of his mother's brothers condescended to give her a small yearly income and schooling for him for a year or two, so that in time he passed for the army, and was gazetted to the —th. He had been for some years with us now, and his old uncle had purchased two steps for him, so that at the time I am speaking of he was some way up in the list of the captains. Our colonel, however, had never liked him. We were a somewhat fast regiment, and it bored him to have a poor man among us. And Hugh certainly was poor; for though his uncle purchased his steps, he made him no allowance, and evidently considered that he should keep up with all the follies and extravagances of a crack regiment on his pay. So the colonel snubbed him, and was perpetually down on him, trying to force the unfortunate fellow to exchange, which, however, Hugh would not do, partly because he liked some of us very warmly, and chiefly because our home service was nearly up, and he would have had to pay a good sum of money to induce any one to exchange with him. This he had not to give, because, as I have said, he had nothing but his pay, and what he could get for a few cleverly dashed off magazine articles. He managed in this way to keep himself out of debt and make both ends meet; but it was very hard work, and I often pitied him when I saw him consuming the midnight oil over those clever sketches we used to laugh at afterward in the *United Service Magazine*. He was a capital artist too, and that helped his pocket a little. Still he was kept hard at work to get a little ready cash, and it wasn't much when it did come. As we lay there lazily under the trees, I calmly puffing away at my pipe, he as ever dashing in a hasty sketch of our shady resting-place (he seldom smoked, and he had always a pencil in his hands), I asked him what it was Old Crusty (our irreverent name for Colonel Armstrong) had to say to him that morning, when they were closeted such a long time together.

He laughed—his gay careless laugh. "Poor Old Crusty, how he hates me! I quite feel for him. It really is a pity to have a fine corps like this spoiled by one penniless vaurien; but really it is just my being so penniless that keeps me here, else I think I would try and oblige him. However," he added, "what do you think he was saying this morning? You'd never guess, so I may as well tell you. It seems my mother, who is still handsome, and goes out a good deal, is thinking of marrying again. Now the person she has chosen is a merchant in the City, very wealthy; but the connection does not suit my uncle's taste, and he has sent me a message through the colonel, who is a great friend of his (being doubtless afraid to broach the subject himself), that if I will write to my mother, refusing my consent to her marriage, and farther saying that in the event of her persisting in her determination I must decline having any thing more to say to her, he will then not only purchase all my future steps, and make me the very handsome allowance of £800 per annum, but also declare me his heir. That's a bribe worth having, Charlie," he continued, turning toward me, and speaking in a light tone that belied the fierce flash in his eye and the dark frown on his broad brow.

"What did you say? is the question," I replied, thinking, however, that I knew the answer pretty well.

"I told the colonel," answered Hugh, "that it was very well my uncle had sent his message by him; for if he had come in person, I doubted much if I could have refrained from the pleasure of throwing him out of the window. The request alone would have deserved such an answer, still more the bribe."

"And what did Armstrong say?"

"Oh, he pooh-poohed my sentimentalism, as he was pleased to call it, and laid before me all the advantages of being friends with my uncle and pocketing his £800; what a figure it would enable me to make in the regiment, and all the rest of it. Then, seeing me unmoved by that, he went on to state that in the event of my refusing to do as he wished, my uncle had determined to have nothing more to do with me, but to leave me in future to sink or swim, as best I could. To that I replied, that while I repudiated the charge of sentimentalism, it was my earnest wish to try and do what I saw manifestly to be my duty, and that in no way could I feel it to be my duty to prevent my mother providing herself with a comfortable home in her old age to gratify my uncle's pride. My duty lies to her, not to him; and while I consider her quite right in the course she has chosen, if she loves the man she intends to marry, I can in no way perceive the right either of my uncle's interference or the manner of it."

"Well done, old fellow! I knew you were true steel," I answered, raising myself on my elbow and looking at him, wishing the while I had his own gift with the pencil, that I might transfer that animated countenance, with its sparkling, flashing look of defiance and disdain, to paper. What a splendid fellow he is, and how he must have electrified Old Crusty, if he looked and spoke like that to him! I thought as, having finished my pipe, I rose to try Melton's fly in the place he had recommended. He took up his position for another sketch, and we both went to work. I had not been long at it when I got a bite, and soon was very busy playing a remarkably fine trout. He was a big one—over ten pounds' weight—so that it took me some time to land him, when, greatly encouraged by my success, I continued whipping the water diligently, and in two or three hours had taken about half a dozen fine trout.

"Why, Cairnsford, that's splendid!" said Hugh's voice close to me, as I landed my last, a fine three-pounder. "What luck you have had! One doesn't often get such sport as that."

"Nor should I to-day if you had not given me that fly. How is it, old fellow? You know every thing, and yet one never sees you shooting or fishing."

"I used to go in for both once on a time, when we lived in Ireland, before my father's death. I was very young then, but the little knowledge I picked up about such things has staid by me, and I am very glad it has been of use to you to-day, Charlie. Now you can take the conceit out of that stupid fool, Southman, who is always talking about his doings in Norway, and who has not hooked a minnow here yet."

"Yes, I shall enjoy taking that fellow down a peg or two. I can't stand his airs; neither for that matter can Old Crusty, though the fellow is made of gold I do believe; which shows that after all our colonel has some sense in him, if he'd let it get an airing now and then." With which complimentary speech I shouldered my basket; and Hugh having already got his traps together, we set out on our way back to town.

I went into Melton's room on our return to barracks, and while he was washing out his brushes and palette, settling his paint-box, and otherwise fiddling about—like the old bachelor I always told him he would be—I amused myself looking over a portfolio of sketches which stood on a chair by the window. They were most of them views of places where we had been stationed lately, and I knew by a cross in the corner of many of them that Hugh had copied them for sale; for, as I said before, Melton eked out his scanty pay by the produce of his art, as he was wont proudly and fondly to call it. At last I came to a more finished picture, which riveted my attention for some time; so that I did not observe Hugh, who came quietly up behind me, and looked over my shoulder for a little while without speaking. It was a portrait of a young girl that had so taken my fancy, and underneath was written in dear old Hugh's handwriting, "*Fais ce que dois advienne que pourra.*" The face itself was very pretty, with an expression half earnest, half laughing, great sweetness in the smile, and a very *malin* twinkle in the eye. To crown all, the head was surrounded by a perfect halo of deep golden hair, not in any way approaching to red, but pure sunny golden, with a dash of brown in the shadows.

As I have said, Melton came as I looked over my shoulder, without my being aware of his approach; so that I was rather startled when I heard his voice beside me saying, "Did you never see that before? What do you think of it?"

"It is a charming face," I answered. "Tell me who was the original, and why you have appended such a very sage motto to so fascinating a beauty."

His face fell perhaps ever so slightly as he replied, "You often laugh at me for what you call my high principles and strict adherence to what I conceive to be my duty; you will perhaps be surprised when I tell you I owe those ideas to her."

"I should never have guessed it," I replied; "the face looks mirthful rather than serious. How came she by such methodistical opinions?"

"I don't mind telling you all about it, Cairnsford, though I would not tell every one; but this is how I became acquainted with her, and how she came to give me advice. A good many years ago now, soon after I first joined, I was quartered near M——, in Ireland, and as there were never many officers in that part at a time, the few who did go there were entertained very hospitably and made much of. There was in particular one gentleman, a Mr. Meares, who lived in a small place near M——; he had one daughter, this girl whose portrait you see here."

"What," I exclaimed, interrupting him, "is that Miss Meares the heiress, of whom I have heard so much?"

"Yes," he answered. "At that time they were poor enough since then, however, she has come into a large property, and is one of the richest heiresses in England. However, as I was saying, at that time they lived near M——, and I was a frequent visitor at her father's house. I need hardly tell you the owner of that face was clever, original, and spirited, without being in the least fast; she could dance and ride quite as perfectly as most Irish girls do—some, indeed, thought she excelled most of them in those accomplishments—and besides many other talents possessed no mean skill with her pencil. You may imagine that I, then young and impressionable, easily fell under the spell of her beauty and accomplishments; I spent almost my whole time

at Belvoir (their place), and her mother, a charming, handsome woman, seemed to see no harm in our intimacy. Day by day we went out sketching about the place, never going far from the house, but as the scenery around was lovely, always finding plenty to do. I, though acting as instructor on these occasions, often found myself hard put to it to equal my pupil's productions; and from day to day her winning, sprightly ways and clever, amusing conversation made me more and more deeply in love with her. For her society, and in order that I might sit near her and watch her, and for the hope of touching her hand at meeting and parting, I now neglected every thing; my duties were shirked whenever I could prevail on any one to undertake them, and my art, of which before I had been a devoted student, was now entirely thrown aside, except during the sketching expeditions I have spoken of. Once or twice in that happy time I found Miss Meares looking at me with a curious, half-puzzled, half-anxious expression, and I wondered what brought so troubled a look to her sunny face, half hoping and half fearing I must be the cause of it. Happiness such as I then enjoyed was, however, too great to last, and for some days I saw the cloud approaching which was to blot out all the fair dreams I had woven for myself during those long bright summer days. Latterly Maud—for I had begun to dare to call her so in my own thoughts—had appeared sad and disheartened, rousing herself with an evident effort to laugh at the merry sallies I now and then made in the vain hope of dispelling her melancholy. I was pained at this, as I always was pained by any thing that caused her sorrow; and as her manner toward me had a tinge of mournful tenderness in it, I determined to take courage, and speak the decisive words that should settle at once the position we must in future occupy toward each other.

"It was one fine bright morning, when, as usual, I had come over armed with my sketching apparatus, that I came to this resolution. For some little time she had appeared to avoid these excursions, once so pleasant to both of us, and that day, when I came toward her in the garden, she said, with the gentle, joyless smile which of late I had seen so often on her radiant face, 'I don't think I can sketch to-day; I don't feel inclined for a walk.'

"Upon this I spoke. 'Why is it,' I said, 'that you are never inclined to walk out now, or sketch either, even those views which are close to the house? Have I done any thing to annoy you? You are so changed to me lately.'

"'No, indeed,' she replied, earnestly, 'you have never annoyed me;' and then she turned to a rose-bush beside her, and began cutting off the withered leaves, and putting them into a basket that hung on her arm.

"'If I have not annoyed you, why, then, are you so altered of late?' I persisted. 'You don't know what pain the least coldness in your voice and look causes me. I will not bear it any longer; I will speak and tell you.'

"'Hush!' she said, turning round so as to face me, while holding up her hand with a warning gesture—'hush! I know what you are going to say. Don't think me unwomanly or forward because I tell you before you speak that I know what you intended to say. For some days I have seen that it must come to this, and I have been turning over in my mind how I could best spare you the pain of saying—myself the pain of listening to—what will do neither of us any good, and must cause us trouble and grief. Stay,' she continued, with a pretty imperious gesture, as I was about to interrupt her eagerly, 'you must hear me to the end patiently: I won't keep you long. I think the best thing for both of us will be for you to know a little more of my past life than you at present do. It is'—here she paused for a moment, and I thought a tinge of color crept into her pale cheeks; but with an effort she after a minute tossed her head with a pretty impatience I had often admired, and went on—'it is this: Years ago, when I was a very little child, an old friend of my father's died, and on opening his will it was found that he had bequeathed the whole of his immense property to me when I should have attained the age of twenty-one years, on condition I should marry a nephew of his, a Mr. Cameron by name; until then the property is rigidly tied up, not a penny being spent on me, but every thing being allowed to accumulate. About a week ago my father told me this Mr. Cameron, who has until lately been out with his regiment in India, is on his way home to claim the fulfillment of the compact entered into years ago by his father and mine. I shall be twenty-one in a few weeks now, and my father, who has long been obliged to live in great poverty to provide me with a good education and those few comforts which our means afford, is now naturally anxious to enter on the enjoyment of this fortune, and insists on my giving this young man such a promise as shall insure our possession of the property, though it will not be necessary for me to marry at once. I can now only beg of you, Mr. Melton, not to judge hardly of me for having in this matter taken the initiative, and overstepped those boundaries of reserve usually observed by women; my only excuse is that I hoped to save you pain.'

"'But,' said I, when she had finished speaking, 'do you consider this fortune worth more than the love I have to offer you? You guessed aright what I had to say. I do love you; but if you prefer a miser's gold to the earnest, faithful affection I feel for you, then I would not utter one word to induce you to alter your choice, for in that case you are not worthy to be my wife, or to take the first place by right in my heart, which you have already usurped there.' I spoke defiantly and bitterly, for it seemed to me from the firm, decisive way in which she spoke that she had made her choice, and, that loving me as much as her cold heart could, she yet preferred the gold.

"She answered faintly, 'Sit down; I want to talk this over with you. I have no one to whom I can go for counsel; my father and mother both have but one opinion on the matter; now I will hear yours, and try to decide between them. My earnest desire is to do what is right; but now I don't see the right. I am like a person wandering in a strange place in thick darkness—I see nothing; and when I stretch out my hands for something to lean on, I find only empty space.'

"'How can you hesitate a minute!' I answered, boldly and hotly, thinking I was sure of victory, and pressing on with an eagerness that perhaps caused my failure. 'Is it not your duty if you love me, and knowing I love you, to give up every thing for the sake of completing and filling my life, as well as insuring happiness to your own? Plainly your first duty is to the man you love.'

"'Yes, if he were my husband,' she answered; 'but until then all my duty lies to my parents, and their commands are strong on me; besides, I could not marry without their consent. Yes,' she added, with a dreamy far-off look, 'I see my duty now: they have sacrificed themselves for me while I was helpless and they were strong;

"GOOD-BY, MR. MELTON.

it is my turn to sacrifice myself for them now that they are getting old and want the comforts they have denied themselves hitherto. And you too,' she continued, turning and looking at me, with a kind of enthusiasm lighting up her face—'you too have some object in life, some duty to perform, other than spending your days in careless enjoyment. With your talents you might be famous, and confer a benefit on your fellow-men; and yet how little have you achieved! See, I will confer a greater boon on you than if I had granted your request: take for your guide through life my motto, *Fais ce que dois advienne que pourra.*'

"'I will take no advice from you,' I answered, angrily. 'You yourself deliberately disobey your fine precept; you have determined to sell yourself for gold; for you love me—you know you do.' Then, as anger and grief mastered me, I went on boldly and madly, 'Only say you love me, and that you would marry me if you could; it will be some poor comfort for me to take with me into my banishment.'

"She opened her mouth to speak, and I leaned forward, listening breathlessly for the avowal my heart told me would follow; but after an instant she shook her head, and said, 'You would, indeed, have cause to reproach me for not keeping my precept if I answered you. It is precisely because I ought not that I will not reply to your question. How should I be acting toward Mr. Cameron, whose promised wife I am, if I spoke with you any more on this subject? Good-by, Mr. Melton. Some time, when you have ceased to regret this—and you will soon do so, for you are still young—then you may come and see me, and we shall be the good friends I would wish us to be; but until you feel you can regard me in that light it would be better we should not meet again.' She held out her hand to me, but I, maddened by jealousy and disappointed love, bowed coldly to her and turned away. At this insult I saw, as I turned slowly from her, her large eyes filled with tears, and a pitiful pleading expression came into her face as she made one step toward me. I would have turned again, but before I could do so she had run quickly away, and was already disappearing among the thick shrubberies surrounding the house.

"Long afterward, when I could think calmly over the whole affair, I began to see that, perhaps looked at from her point of view, she had been more in the right than I had at first thought; and it was then I painted that picture with the motto underneath, and that motto I have ever since tried to follow as my guide. I fear I follow it but badly; but, as she said then, one so often finds it difficult to know the right. A faint glimmer of light, however, there generally is, which guides one in some degree, and for the rest the will must make up for the deed."

CHAPTER II.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

Some time after this we were ordered to head-quarters at Aldershot, and found there a Captain Cameron, who had lately joined, and who took care soon to let us know that Miss Meares, the heiress, was his promised bride. Even if I had not heard Hugh's story I should have disliked this man, who was not only insignificant in appearance, but seemed equally contemptible in mind. A little fair man, with scanty yellow whiskers and mustache, and dapper person, always neatly dressed; not bad-looking perhaps, but for the sinister underhand expression in his light blue eyes. I often wondered how Hugh felt toward him, as he sat glowering at him from under his bent brows across the table at mess; but, indeed, I need not have wondered, for his feelings were often too plainly visible on his face to need any expression in words, and the new arrival very soon became aware that for some reason or other "that dark-looking fellow, Hugh Melton" (as he called him), bore him no good-will. The time now drew near when some steeple-chases which we had got up were to come off; and throughout the whole camp nothing was talked of but the merits of the respective horses and their riders. There was one horse in especial that all the judges declared must win, if only his abominable temper could be kept under, or got rid of for the day; but even his greatest admirers were afraid to trust their money on so ill-tempered a brute. Templeton of "ours" was to ride him; and in this fact lay the consolation to his backers, for they thought if any man in the service could master him it was that dashing "light weight."

Every one who has once seen Templeton sitting back on his chestnut thorough-bred, his hands well down and his head up, riding in the first flight with the Pytchley, or, better still, flying along in the front at the Grand Military, will recollect him: a small, spare, boyish-looking young fellow, with pale, fair complexion, large, prominent blue eyes, drooping mustache, and a *nil-admirari* expression of countenance. But to those of my lady friends who may not have seen him in his favorite career, let me recall the same slight figure leaning languidly against the wall in a ball-room, looking so intensely bored that you are reminded of a death's-head at a feast, and long to ask him why he came there, when the festive scene seems so little to his taste. You must have seen and pitied him, gentle reader; recall him to your mind's eye now, and have before you the intended rider of Spitfire (so the horse was called).

Cameron, who, by-the-way, hardly knew a horse from a cow, had a pot of money on him; so had Southman and one or two more. I didn't like his temper, and so backed Jack Masterman, the second favorite, for a small sum. The race was to come off on Wednesday, the 23d of July; but on the Friday before, as we came in to mess, I observed an unusual excitement on Southman's generally stolid face, and on looking round, perceived that Cameron, Templeton, and Hemmings, the owner of Spitfire, were all absent.

"What's up?" I inquired of Percy Langham, who sat next me.

"Why, haven't you heard? That idiot Templeton has gone and sprained his wrist with those confounded gymnastics he was always bothering about, and so Spitfire must either be scratched, or some one else must be got to ride him. They do say that Cameron has nearly gone out of his mind since he heard of Templeton's accident; and I hear he will be ruined if that horse doesn't win. He has gone now to the stables to find Hemmings, who went over there some time ago, and they say that he intends to ask permission to ride the horse himself sooner than let him be scratched."

"But why? Wouldn't it be much better for him if the horse was withdrawn? He could then make a new book, or he needn't make any at all."

"Oh, that's just the pith of the whole thing. I believe he's dipped tremendously, and the Jews are down on him; so that if he doesn't land something now, he goes to the wall entirely. As to his not making another book, that is because he fancies himself secure on that horse, and doesn't care for any of the others. Southman's as bad." Langham recounted all this in an under-tone, with a rather pleased twinkle in his eye; he did not at all fancy the Cameron and Southman clique.

"But," said Hugh, who was on the other side of me, and who had been listening attentively, "can Cameron ride at all? I never fancied he did much in that line."

"No," laughed Langham; "that's what makes it so curious. Some say Spitfire will kill him, others that the horse will be killed; at any rate, Cameron's safe for a crumpler."

Hugh turned away his head quickly, and appeared to be busy with his dinner; but Southman, from the opposite side of the table, cried out: "Did you ever hear of such folly as Cameron's wanting to ride that brute Spitfire? He's safe to be killed. I'm as good a rider as he, and I've as much on the race as he; but if it was as much again, I wouldn't ride that animal."

"Shows that his physical courage is of a higher order than yours. We won't presume to compare your moral qualities, Southman," said Langham, laughing quietly. He was a young fellow who had not long joined, universally liked for his gay good humor, but a most inveterate dealer in chaff and badinage, neither friend nor foe escaping his gay sallies.

Southman, wrapped safely from all covert stings in an impenetrable armor of self-conceit, answered, quietly: "No; physical courage is well enough in its way, but without being properly balanced by moral courage it degenerates into foolhardiness and rashness. Now if Cameron had a degree of moral courage at all apportioned to his physical bravery, he would reflect that it would be much better to bear a little dunning from the Jews, or, even though that is a disagreeable alternative, to be whitewashed, rather than run the risk of breaking his neck."

"But suppose he was to be whitewashed out of his rich future's recollection?" said Langham, inquiringly.

"Ah, there now is a case that requires judgment. That is just a situation in which I could show to advantage; I would show you how to steer through those difficulties in a manner that would astonish you," answered Southman.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, who at the head of the table was beginning to look rather electrified at Southman's philosophical turn of mind, "suppose we go out and smoke a cigar; you can resume this interesting discussion at a future period."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOMO-PHOBIA.

MRS. MINERVA (*troubled about her son the professor*). "What is the matter with him? Nothing seems to please him. It must be too much brain work!"
MISS HYGIENE. "Brain! Oh dear, no! That will never trouble him. 'Tis the dyspepsia of Cæsarism."

WHERE WARREN FELL.

The spot where General Warren fell mortally wounded, just at the close of the battle of Bunker Hill, was, previous to the erection of the present granite monument, marked by a small column. His body was identified the morning after the battle by an intimate acquaintance, and on the spot where it was found the Freemasons of Charlestown, Warren having been Grand Master of the order in North America, erected a monumental column in 1794. "It was composed," says Ellis, in his *Battle of Bunker Hill*, "of a brick pedestal eight feet square, rising ten feet from the ground, and supporting a Tuscan pillar of wood eighteen feet high. This was surmounted by a gilt urn bearing the inscription, 'J. W., aged 35,' entwined with Masonic emblems. On the south side of the pedestal was the following inscription:

Erected A.D. MDCCXCIV.,
By King Solomon's Lodge of Free Masons,
constituted in Charlestown, 1783,
In Memory of
Major-General Joseph Warren,
and his Associates,
who were slain on this memorable spot, June 17,
1775.

None but they who set a just valne upon the blessings of liberty are worthy to enjoy her. In vain we toiled; in vain we fought; we bled in vain; if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders.

Charlestown settled, 1628.
Burnt, 1775. Rebuilt, 1776.

"This column stood without the redoubt, and on the spot where Warren was believed to have fallen. It remained for forty years, and was so much defaced by time that it was removed when the present granite structure was contemplated." A slab, with the simple inscription, "Here Warren fell, June 17, 1775," now marks the spot, as shown in our illustration on page 557.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Among the curious and interesting old letters which have come to light during this Centennial epoch are some in regard to the children of General Warren. It appears that after the death of Warren at Bunker Hill his children were placed under the care of Miss Mercy Scollay, a daughter of John Scollay, who was Town-clerk of Boston over forty years, and for several years its first civil officer. When the British were taking possession of Boston, Miss Scollay, fearing for the safety of her charge, took a chaise and drove with them through the lines to Watertown. During the years the children were in her care many efforts were made by persons interested in their welfare to obtain an appropriation from Congress for them. A letter written to Miss Scollay by Samuel Adams, and dated "Philadelphia, March 18, 1777," has been preserved, and contains the following paragraph:

"General Mercer having been slain in Battle, or rather barbarously murdered, a Motion was made in Congress for a Monument to be erected to his Memory, and that his youngest Son should be educated at the Expense of the Continent. I did not think myself partial in judging that the Services and Merit of General Warren, considered as a Patriot or a Soldier, were not inferior to those of General Mercer, and therefore added to the Motion that the same Honor should be paid to his Memory, and that one of his Sons should be educated. I proposed the eldest. It was agreed that my Motion should be first entered on the Journal, and a Committee was appointed to consider both."

Another letter, written by Benedict Arnold, under date of "February 19, 1779," expresses the warmest affection for the orphan children, and indicates his efforts in their behalf. We make one or two brief quotations from it:

"I have many Inquiries to make concerning my Dear little Boys and Girl, as such I shall esteem them, and make no doubt of their making every possible Improvement under the Eye of so affectionate and Tender a Tutress....

"In my last Letter I mentioned Applying to Congress in their behalf. On my application A Committee was appointed to Consider of the Matter and report to Congress. One of the Members going out of Town soon after prevented the report being made which was agreed to by two of them, 'that the three youngest Children of the Late General Warren should be provided for and Educated agreeable to their Rank in Life, at the Public Expense, and that when of Age the Sum of One Thousand Pounds should be given as a Portion to Each.'

"This report has never been made to Congress by Reason of some one of the Committee being out of Town. I hope soon to have it done. If I am Disappointed in my Expectations, I intend making a Collection for them by a Private Subscription, which, with no doubt, will be very Considerable. In the mean time, I shall esteem and provide for them as my own.

"I have just sent by Lieutenant Peter Richards Five Hundred Dollars for the Present. When you have Occasion for more, please to Draw on me or send....

"With love to my Dear little Innocents, my best wishes for your and their Health and happiness, I am, with sentiments of the most perfect Esteem and respect, very Sincerely,

"Dear madam,
"Your Friend and Mt Obedt Hum Servt,
"B. Arnold."

A graceful tribute of respect to the dead Union soldiers of Charlestown was made by the Maryland Fifth Regiment as a fitting accompaniment of the recent Centennial in Boston. The regiment marched to Charlestown, headed by the Marine Band of Washington, and formed in a hollow square about the soldiers' monument in Winthrop Square. This monument is a handsome granite shaft, on which are the statues of a soldier and a sailor, crowned by the Goddess of Liberty. A deputation of officers from the regiment placed on the monument a magnificent device of flowers, bearing the inscription, "Maryland's Tribute to the Dead." Appropriate services followed, with a dirge from the band. This pleasing demonstration of kindly feeling was witnessed by a great throng of spectators.

Colorado beetles and grasshoppers are doing their worst at the West, and coming Eastward. But meanwhile caterpillars are taking certain sections of the East by storm. They eat up the trees entirely. Also, they stop railroad trains. On the Grand Trunk Railroad the other day myriads of caterpillars were on the rails, and an extra engine was sent for to take the train past the obstruction.

When the American rifle team reached Dublin immense crowds thronged the railroad dépôt, and a procession was formed to escort the guests to the Shelbourne Hotel. The streets along the route were decorated with a fine display of American and Irish flags. At the hotel the enthusiasm culminated. Each member of the team was cheered as he alighted from his carriage, and shouts of "Welcome! welcome!" were heard on every side. Thousands of spectators remained in front of the hotel until a late hour of the night, and the Americans were honored with several serenades.

The following question is put by the Board of Trade examiners to the candidates for certificates of competency as mates in the English merchant service: "What would you do in order to allay thirst, with nothing but sea-water at hand?" The answer is, "Keep the clothes, especially the shirt, soaked with water." Drinking salt-water to allay thirst drives the sufferer mad, but an external application of it gives relief, if it does not quite satisfy the demands of craving nature. As long-continued thirst causes intense suffering, this simple remedy may well be remembered by all who ever trust themselves to the great deep.

Colorado climate is excellent for consumptives if tried in season, before the disease becomes settled. But if the patient delays too long, death is only hastened. Any sudden transition to a high, dry atmosphere must, of course, be dangerous to a weak, delicate invalid. It is recommended for persons with lung difficulties who go to Colorado to take the old-fashioned overland route, slowly, so as to gradually become accustomed to the change of air. Asthmatic difficulties are generally cured by residence in Colorado, but it is dangerous for those with heart complaints.

By the will of a gentleman who recently died in Troy a bequest is made of $1500 to the Troy Orphan Asylum. This sum is to be permanently invested, and the interest expended in the purchase of toys to be distributed among the orphans every Christmas.

The Prince of Wales is expected to take passage to India on the *Serapis*, and preparations for his accommodation on board have already commenced. His quarters will be situated on the saloon deck, his bedroom being on that side of the ship which in the trip up the Suez Canal is known to be the cooler. At the other end of the saloon will be placed the captain's cabin. The long intermediate space will be divided into three different sections by screens of silk curtains. The first of these will be the dining-room for the Prince, the second the drawing-room, and the third the reception-room. A handsome staircase is to be constructed to lead from the drawing-room to the main-deck, upon which suitable apartments will be provided for the more distinguished members of his Royal Highness's suit. The Prince of Wales's yacht *Osborne*, Commander Francis Durrant, will go out to India with the *Serapis*, acting as a tender to her, and it is understood that her principal duty will be to convey the Prince up and down rivers.

Quite a panic occurred in a street of Paris not long since. A fine-looking dog was passing the window of a dealer in picture-frames, when suddenly he jumped, barked, and tried to throw himself through the window. Of course he was mad, thought every body, and they tried to kill him. Some wise spectator, thinking these eccentricities of the dog had some relation to a portrait in the window, interfered. It was finally proved that the portrait was that of a lady from whom the dog had been stolen some months before, and all these demonstrations were in token of his joy at the sight of his former mistress.

At a recent sale of rusty old books in London the auctioneer produced two small half sheets of paper, torn and mutilated, but written all over. He calls it an "interesting relic." The first bid is £10, which is steadily increased until these two bits of paper are knocked down to a purchaser for £100 sterling. On these pieces of paper was written the first draft of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," including five verses which were omitted in publication.

Each of the principal hotels at Long Branch will have a band to discourse sweet music during the season. They will commence performances about the 1st of July.

The buffalo gnat, which has proved so fatal to animals in some Southern sections of the country, is small, about half the size of the common house fly. These pests come in countless numbers, and settle upon every four-footed animal within reach. Their bite is very poisonous, causing death. They seem to have no appetite for human blood. Tar or grease applied to the bodies of animals will prevent their attacks.

On the day of the Centennial celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill thousands of dollars were made by the rental of seats in eligible locations, at windows of stores and dwelling-houses, on house-tops, or on platforms erected for the purpose. The proprietors of one city newspaper declined $300 for its Washington Street front, and gave up all the windows to their employés.

The locusts of Kansas have latterly been flying toward the Northwest. But it is said that very few of them have descended, and that the prospects are promising for an immense harvest. The devastations have been confined to a comparatively small area in the eastern part of the State. A movement is being made to have the government investigate the habits of the locusts, and obtain such information about them as shall be helpful to farmers.

The Hippodrome, the late abode of Mr. Barnum's wild beasts, has been transformed into a mammoth summer garden. Trees and shrubs to the number of 2500 have been used in its decoration, and flowers and plants of all kinds have been distributed through the garden, which contains about 25,000 feet of grass-plots. A miniature forest, and a cascade, rustic arches, and summer-houses are among the attractive features. A band numbering about one hundred will furnish popular music of the best kind as an entertainment which people can appreciate and enjoy.

The rapid spread of the phylloxera in France is thought by one Dr. Turrel to be due much to the rapid extermination of small birds in that country. This view is strengthened by the fact that in America, where the phylloxera originated, its ravages have never been of any great moment.

Accidents in connection with pyrotechnics may be expected to be of frequent occurrence for the next two weeks. The day before the Centennial of the Battle of Bunker Hill a terrible explosion occurred in a Boston fire-works factory. Ten men and boys were employed in the building at the time, only one of whom escaped uninjured. He, having a sudden presentiment that something dreadful was about to happen, escaped from the building, and had gone barely twenty feet from it when the explosion occurred. Six bodies, charred and burned beyond recognition, were taken from the ruins; and three persons who were rescued were seriously if not fatally injured.

The Emperor of Brazil, who has been elected corresponding member of the Paris Academy of Sciences, belongs to the section of navigation and geography. He is a man of letters, and well educated; but he is not the first foreign sovereign whom the Academy of Sciences has counted among its members. Peter the Great visited the Paris Academy in 1717, made himself familiar with its works, corrected with his own hand some geographical errors in maps of his country, and was finally elected a member, and for years kept up a correspondence on the experiments and discoveries of the times. Napoleon I. belonged to the Academy of Sciences, section of mechanics.

The farm of Mr. George Grant, founder of the Victoria Colony in Kansas, contains 576,000 acres. Mr. Grant devotes himself principally to stock raising, and has accomplished a great deal by the introduction of the best blooded stock, and exhibiting the best method of rearing, feeding, and improving the foreign and domestic breeds of horses, cattle, and sheep. He has just wintered 7000 sheep, with a loss of less than one per cent., the secret of his success lying in providing good shelter.

An industrial school is to be established near Aurora, Illinois. Instruction will be given in every thing necessary for the farmer and mechanic. Chemistry, natural philosophy, and botany, practically applied, will be included in the course of study.

Old Orchard Beach has become so popular as a seaside resort that old farms and beach lots have been subdivided to meet the wants of speculators and of those in search of summer-houses by the sea. The Methodist camp-ground at Old Orchard is annually increasing in attractiveness. There are now about forty permanent structures on the grounds, and fifty new cottages are under contract to be built. During the coming season a number of temperance tourists from England are expected to pitch a large tent near the camp-ground, and hold meetings.

It is appropriate to mention in connection with the Grand International Rifle Match, that our American Boys can, with practice, become *expert shots*. The value of *Pope's Rifle* as a teacher of the art is shown by numerous testimonials, among which is that of Gen. Sherman, which is published on the last page of this paper.—[*Com.*]

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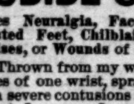

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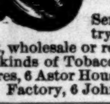

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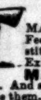

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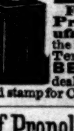

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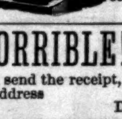

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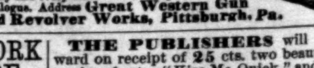

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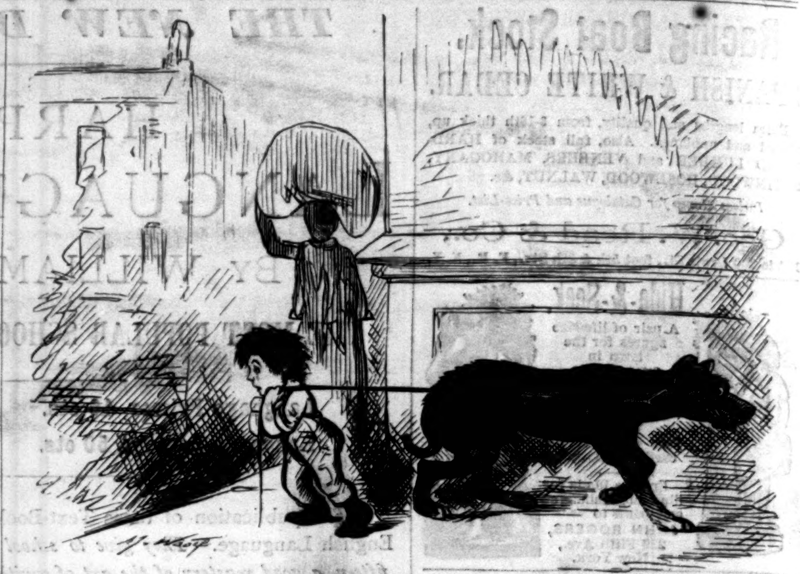

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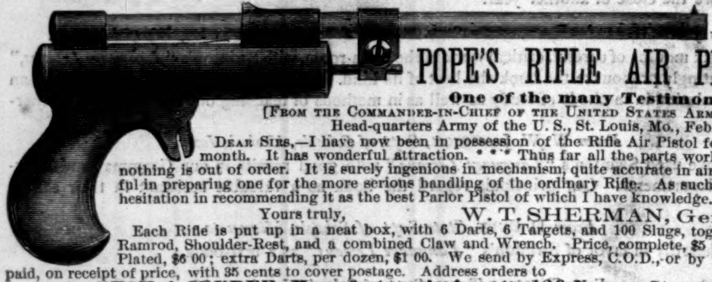

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"OLD IRONSIDES."

THE frigate *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," as she was familiarly called, the most glorious and honored name on the list of our old navy, is now in the Philadelphia Navy-yard, where she has been hauled up for repairs. No special appropriation having been made by Congress at its last session for this purpose, the naval authorities have proposed to break up her storm and battle beaten hull as a thing of no further value—a piece of vandalism against which the people should indignantly protest. Once before such a proposition was entertained, and called forth a stirring protest from the pen of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. We quote the poem here in the hope it may again have the effect to rouse public sentiment against the destruction of this magnificent memento of our naval glory:

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

"Her deck, once red with heroes' blood—
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were humming o'er the flood,
And waves were white below—
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

"Oh! better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of Storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

It has been suggested that the *Constitution* should be fitted up to serve as the flag-ship of the station during the Centennial celebration next year. The grand old frigate could not be put to a more appropriate service, and, in common with all who cherish the glorious memories of our naval history, we trust that this design may be carried out.

The *Constitution* was built at HART's ship-yard, in Boston, where Constitution Wharf now is, at a cost of over $300,000. She was made very strong. Her frame was of live-oak, and her planks were bent on without steam, as it was thought that process weakened and softened the wood. She was launched on the 21st of October, 1797, in the presence of a great gathering of people, but did not start upon a cruise till July, 1798, when she went to sea under command of Captain JAMES NICHOLSON. The *Constitution* was so stanch a ship that she received the name of "Ironsides." She always had excellent commanders, and performed gallant service against the Algerine pirates and the British.

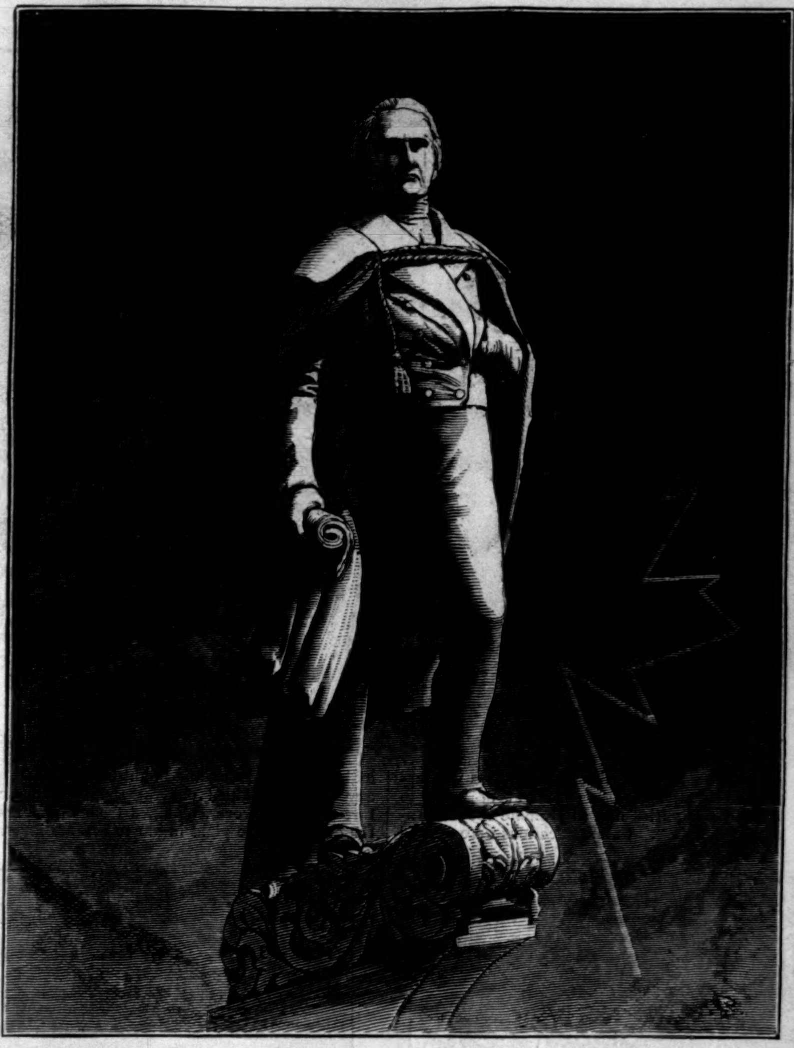
The *Constitution* was the flag-ship of Commodore PREBLE in 1804, when Tripoli was bombarded. In the gallant action of the 29th of August in that year she was run in to within a short distance of the castle and batteries, and by her destructive fire of round and grape shot silenced the guns of the fortifications and spread devastation among the Bashaw's fleet.

The next great action in which the *Constitution* was engaged was the engagement with the British frigate *Guerriere*, of thirty-eight guns, commanded by Captain DACRES. It took place on the 19th of August, 1812, off the American coast, in the present track of ships to England. The *Constitution* carried forty-four guns, and was commanded by Captain ISAAC HULL. After much manœuvring to obtain the weather-gage the hostile vessels at six o'clock in the evening came within half pistol-shot of each other, and engaged in deadly conflict with the entire force of each vessel. The guns of the *Constitution* were double-shotted with round and grape, and their execution was terrible. The rigging of the two vessels finally became entangled, and both parties prepared to board. The fire from small-arms became exceedingly severe, and Lieutenant MORRIS, of the *Constitution*, endeavored to lash the vessels together. At this moment the sails of the *Constitution* filled, and she shot ahead, instantly exposing the shattered condition of her antagonist. The foremast of the *Guerriere* fell, carrying with it her mainmast. She was thus left a helpless wreck upon a rough sea. The combat had continued for an hour, and the *Constitution* was about to pour a raking fire into her disabled antagonist, when the latter discharged a gun to the leeward, in token of surrender. At daylight the *Guerriere* was found to be sinking. The prisoners and some movables were soon transferred to the *Constitution*, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, the battered hulk having been fired, she blew up. The *Constitution* carried the intelligence of her own triumph to Boston. Her next exploit, under the command of Commodore BAINBRIDGE, was the capture of the *Java*, a British frigate of thirty-eight guns, commanded by Captain LAMBERT. This engagement took place on the 29th of December, 1812, off the coast of Brazil. The action lasted about three hours. The *Java* was entirely dismasted, a large number of her guns were disabled, her hull was terribly shattered, and her bowsprit was shot away. The *Constitution* did not lose a spar. The *Java* was one of the best ships in the British service. Her officers and crew numbered over four hundred; twenty-two were killed and a hundred and two wounded, her commander fatally. The *Constitution* lost nine killed and twenty-five wounded.

On the 20th of February, 1814, while on her way from Bermuda to Madeira on a cruise, the *Constitution*, then under command of Captain CHARLES STEWART, captured two important prizes, the *Cyane*, thirty-six guns, and the *Levant*, twenty. The action began about five o'clock in the afternoon. The evening was pleasant, the moon shining brightly. The British vessels manœuvred so as to attack the *Constitution* simultaneously. At half-cable's length of each other they awaited their antagonist. She came up in gallant style, and managed so skillfully as to pour tremendous broadsides into both of them. A little before seven the *Cyane* surrendered. An hour later the *Constitution* started in pursuit of the *Levant*, which was endeavoring to escape, engaged her at a quarter to nine o'clock, and after an hour's action compelled her to strike. The loss of the *Constitution* was three killed and twelve wounded; the two British vessels lost thirty-five killed and forty wounded.

During the long period of peace which preceded the outbreak of the Southern rebellion the *Constitution* was used as a school-ship at Annapolis, Maryland, whence she was removed temporarily to Newport, and was there employed in the same service.

The figure-head of the *Constitution* was a carved wooden statue of General JACKSON. It is now at the Philadelphia Navy-yard, but it is proposed to set it up in the Naval Academy grounds at Annapolis.



GENERAL JACKSON—FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

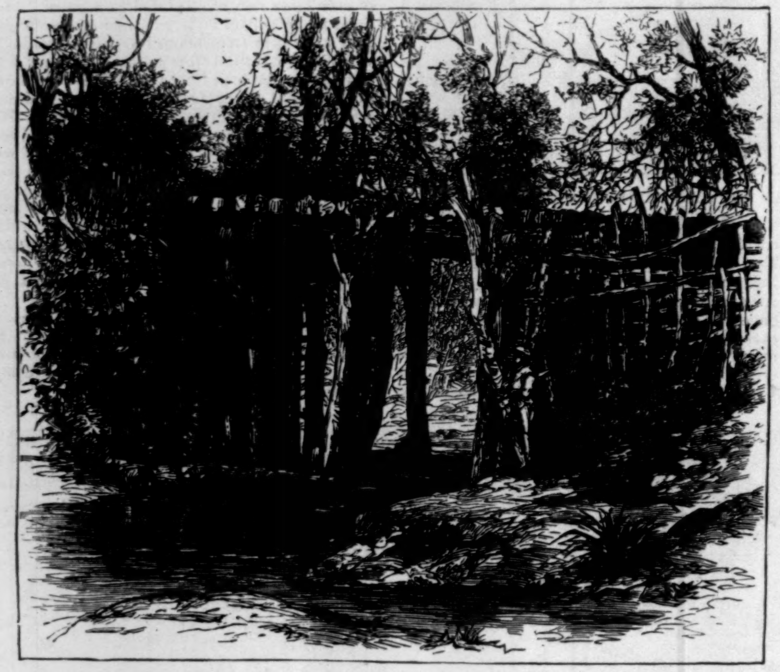
THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION," "OLD IRONSIDES."—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

TEA CULTURE IN ASSAM.

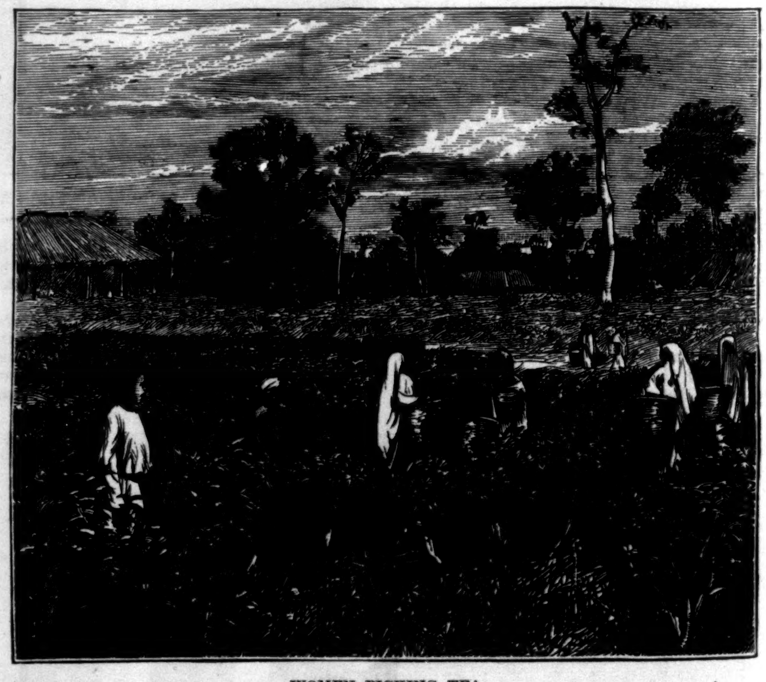
A TEA GARDEN AT CHERIDEO.

ONE OF THE ASSAM TEA COMPANY'S TEA GARDENS.

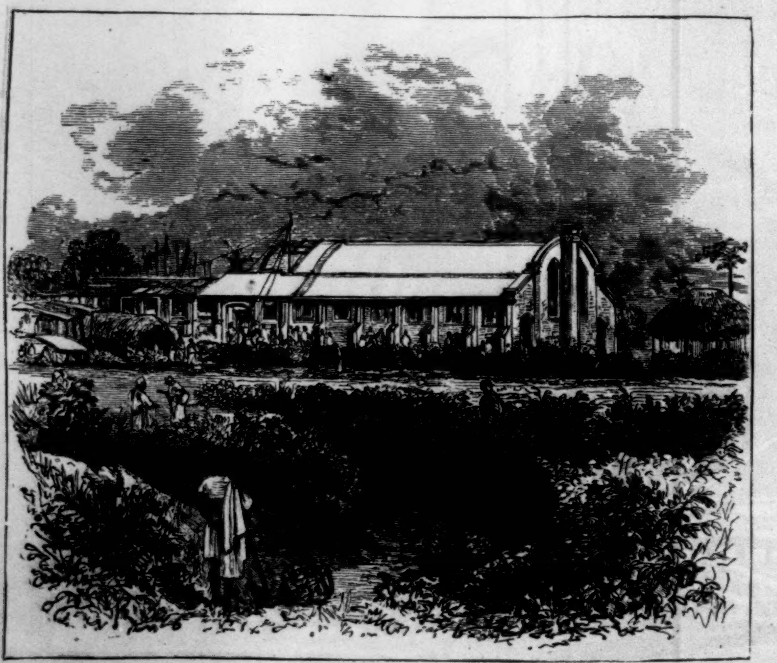
TEA was first discovered in Assam by Europeans in 1823, while that country was still a part of the Burmese dominions. On the breaking out of hostilities with the British government shortly afterward, the discovery was followed up, and several hundred plants and a large quantity of seed were obtained. It was not until several years later, in 1834, that a committee was appointed by the Governor-General of India to prosecute inquiries and to promote the cultivation of the plant. Communications were opened with China with a view to obtaining plants and seeds from that country; but it was ascertained that both the black and the green tea-plants were indigenous in Assam, and might be multiplied to any extent. Skilled cultivators and manufacturers were, however, obtained from China, and the culture of the plant began to assume importance. The first shipment of Assam tea to England, consisting of twelve chests, was made in 1838. It had been somewhat injured on the passage, but the reports on its quality were highly favorable. Associations for the culture of tea in Assam were formed in 1839. In 1851 the crop of the Assam Tea Company was estimated at 280,000 pounds, and within the last few years more than 17,000 acres of tea plantations have been put under cultivation by that company.



A BRIDGE IN THE TEA COUNTRY.



WOMEN PICKING TEA.



TEA HOUSE.

INTERIOR OF TEA HOUSE.

WHEN I WENT FISHING WITH DAD.

By M. E. VANDYNE.

When I was a boy—I'm an old man now;
Look at the lines across my brow;
Old Time has furrowed them there.
My back is bent and my eyes are dim;
He has placed his finger on every limb,
And pulled out most of my hair.
But if life has reached December,
I'm not too old to remember
When I went fishing with dad.

We would each of us shoulder his part of the load,
And joyfully start along the road—
But dad's was the heaviest share.
Out of the village about a mile,
Over a meadow, across a stile,
And then we were almost there.
Dear old brook, I can see it still,
The mossy bank and the old gray mill,
Where I went fishing with dad.

We would wander about for a little space
To find the coziest, shadiest place,
Before we went to work.
Then dad would arrange his rod and line,
And tell me just how to manage mine
When the fish began to jerk.
If I only could feel as I used to then!
If the days could only come back again,
When I went fishing with dad!

We armed our hooks with the wriggling bait,
Then seated ourselves on the bank to wait
And see if the fish would bite.
Sometimes they would only take a look,
As if they thought there might be a hook,
But couldn't be certain quite.
There was one old perch that I used to think
Would always look at the line and wink,
When I went fishing with dad.

"AND HOW I WOULD NESTLE CLOSE TO HIS SIDE TO HEAR OF THE WORLD SO BIG AND WIDE, WHEN I WENT FISHING WITH DAD!"

And so we fished till the sun was high,
And the morning hours were all gone by,
And the village clock struck one.
"I am hungry, Jim," then dad would say;
"Let's give the fishes a chance to play
Until our lunch is done."
Oh, nothing has ever tasted so sweet
As the big sandwiches I used to eat
When I went fishing with dad.

Then dad and I would lie on the grass
And wait for the heat of the day to pass:
How happy I used to feel!
And what wonderful stories he would tell
To the eager boy that he loved so well,
After our mid-day meal!
And how I would nestle close to his side
To hear of the world so big and wide,
When I went fishing with dad!

For I eagerly listened to every word;
And then among men of whom I heard
How I longed to play a part!
What wonderful dreams of the future came,
What visions of wealth and an honored name,
To fill my boyish heart!
There is no dream like the old dream,
There is no stream like the old stream
Where I went fishing with dad.

Then back again to our sport we'd go,
And fish till the sunset's crimson glow
Lit up the dying day;
Then dad would call to me, "Jim, we'll stop;
The basket is full to the very top;
It's time we were on our way."
There are no ways like the old ways,
There are no days like the old days
When I went fishing with dad.

Then we took our way through the meadow land,
And I clung so tight to his wrinkled hand,
As happy as I could be.
And when the old house came in sight,
The smile on his old face grew so bright
As he looked down at me.
And no one smiles as he used to smile;
And, oh, it seems such a long, long while
Since I went fishing with dad!

It is 'way, 'way back in the weary years
That with aching heart and falling tears
I watched dad go away.
His aged head lay on my breast
When the angels called him home to rest—
He was too old to stay.
And I dug a grave 'neath the very sod
That my boyish feet so often trod
When I went fishing with dad.

The world has given me wealth and fame,
Fulfilled my dreams of an honored name,
And now I am weak and old;
The land is mine wherever I look;
I can catch my fish with a silver hook;
But my days are almost told.
Uncheered by the love of child or wife,
I would spend the end of my lonely life
Where I went fishing with dad.

My limbs are weary, my eyes are dim;
I shall tell them to lay me close by him
Whenever I come to die;
And side by side, it will be my wish,
That there by the stream where they used to fish,
They will let the old men lie.
Close by him I would like to be,
Buried beneath the old oak-tree
Where I sat and fished with dad.

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